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ART. I. *Specimens of the Classic Poets, in a Chronological Series from Homer to Tryphiodorus, translated into English verse, and illustrated with biographical and critical notices.*
By CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON, author of a Translation of Hesiod. 3 vols. 8vo. London; Baldwin, 1814.

It is seldom that any sentiment has been universally and firmly established among mankind, without something like a foundation in truth. In nothing is this general consent more perceptible, than in the judgment passed on the poets of antiquity; not only critics, but historians and philosophers, of whatever nation, having agreed in the assumed fact of a gradual decay of genius and taste, and coincided as to the particular times and authors illustrative of this decay. It must be confessed, that little credit for sagacity and acuteness can be obtained through such critical canons as, "That Virgil is a model of pure majesty; that Lucan is full of tumid extravagance, and that Statius is obscure, tedious, and inflated." Ingenious men, therefore, have always been found, who catch at distinction by startling and audacious paradoxes: who find Virgil insipid: Lucan sublime: and Statius dignified. These, or any opinions, may be defended by plausible arguments: and there is in all new assertions, a specious air of superior discernment, which easily gains converts. In this state of hesitation and surprize, we may safely rest on the acknowledged authority of the best critics; such as Addison, Johnson, Home, and Blair: and we may console ourselves for the imputation of what the author now under our notice terms "classic prejudice," by the concurrence of minds thus exercised in reflexion, and matured in taste.

Mr. Elton is not absolutely insensible to the defects of those secondary authors, whom he seeks to place among the *Dî majores* of his poetical pantheon; nor is he blind to all the beauties even of Virgil: he concedes to the latter the praise of being "a chaste and polished writer; a master of rhythmical harmony, and of all the refinements of expression; with a cast of melancholy tenderness, and a habit of moral reflexion that occasionally break out in pathetic turns of sentiment, and a perception of the beautiful in the works of nature and art, a delicacy of taste and elegance of fancy which peculiarly qualify him for the province of descriptive painting:" and of Lucan he confesses, "that he is too fond of glitter and antithesis; that his sublimity soars into bombast; and that his descriptions are sometimes over-charged and over-coloured, and want the sober reality of truth." But he does not hesitate to place Lucan above Virgil, in all the grand requisites of an epic poet; in energy of thought and discrimination of character. We, for our parts, are little affected with these merits of Lucan. Our ear is loaded with laboured oratorical sentiments, with the rolling periods of the sophist and the declaimer; and his characters, however boldly discriminated, are more like those of a florid historian, than an inspired poet. Give us the jealous agitations and despairing frenzy of Dido—falsely supposed to be a copy of the Medea of Apollonius, who is a very different character; give us the glowing friendship and generous devotion of Nisus and Euryalus; the chivalrous spirit of Camilla, and the fiery magnanimity of Turnus; and we will resign to Mr. Elton both Pompey and Cornelia, both Cæsar and Cato.

This strong bias to subordinate poets is shown in no part of the series more strikingly, than in Quintus Calaber, and whose characters, we are told, "have a dramatic energy, a force and contrast which we desiderate in those of Virgil," who is said "to have formed himself upon a more ancient, a more simple, and more vigorous school;" and who, we are assured, "often recalls to us the racy nature and pregnant fancy of Homer, in the strong pathos of his incidents, and the fertility of his images." Quintus has certainly formed himself on a more ancient school, for he has followed Homer step by step: and although his supplement is extremely entertaining from the traditions of the Trojan war described in it, his genius in point of originality seems more questionable than that of Virgil, whom he is supposed to excel. His merit, after all, seems to be that of an elegant and lively imitator of Homer, whose similes and whose manner of dialogue and description he carefully copies.

The mention of Homer reminds us of a still more flagrant instance of this writer's fondness for critical opposition to established canons, in the scepticism with which he scornfully explodes the unity, continuity, and completeness of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, as entire poems. Arguing from *Ælian's* account, that the poems were sung under separate titles, and from the desultory manner of the rhapsodical recitations of Greece, he does not content himself with supposing that they were produced, as well as composed, in successive portions, as the occasion demanded, but boldly affirms, that, "the predisposition of the several parts into one concurrent plan, is the chimæra of modern system:" and considers the *Iliad* as a chance compilation of rhapsodies, shuffled into epic connexion, we suppose, by the machine in *Gulliver's* flying island. More adventurous, also, than Bryant, who is satisfied with expunging the plains of Ilium from the map of history, and peopling the brain of the poet with the whole host of Greeks and Trojans, he feels a strong inclination to reduce Homer himself to an anonymous phantom, and conjures up a college of peripatetic bards as the rightful co-proprietors of his immortal poems.

The air of original thinking, is by far the most pleasing feature of these critiques. A higher merit is their moral tendency. The closing remarks on *Ovid*, we would put into the hands of every youthful student.

"*Ovid* has set an example, which has been followed with too much success by modern writers, of prostituting the elegancies of language to the purpose of seducing the passions, by heightened pictures of refined sensuality. The close of his life has, however, left us an antidote to the poison of his poetry. *Ovid* was not deficient in a knowledge of human nature: and seems aware how much a systematic, habitual and engrossing voluptuousness, enervates the soul together with the body. Of this he had the misfortune to furnish himself a practical instance. Let it be remembered by those who admire this 'prevailing gentle art' of sensualizing our intellect, that *Ovid*, in his banishment, was sustained by no self-respecting consciousness; by no resources of a firm and philosophical mind: but sank at once into an abject prostration of spirit."

It is now time to say something of the work in a poetical view. Great names, who have gone before—the worthies of British translation, naturally force themselves upon our recollection: but we have no desire to damp the emulation or discourage the exertions of a writer, who feels a sufficient confidence in his own powers, to cope with *Dryden*, or wrestle with *Pope*:

Laus erit, in magnis et voluisse sat est.

We do not think Mr. Elton at all suffers when compared with Pope in the celebrated description of Jupiter, in the first book of the *Iliad*: on the contrary, the calm majesty and noble simplicity of the original, as well as the sensible imagery of the head of Jove, are more successfully copied in the blank verse translation.

"He spoke: and awful bends his sable brows:
Shakes his ambrosial curls and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate and sanction of the God:
High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook.
Swift to the seas profound the Goddess flies,
Jove to his starry mansion in the skies.
The shining synod of immortals wait
The coming God; and from their thrones of state
Arising silent, wrapt in holy fear,
Before the majesty of heaven appear:
Trembling they stand while Jove assumes the throne." (*Pope.*)

"He spoke and bow'd his forehead, knitted stern
With darkening brows: the agitated locks,
Dropping ambrosia, round th' immortal head
Of heaven's king shook, and rock'd th' Olympian hill.
So their deep consult ended, they at once
Both parted: she from off the gilded mount
Leap'd headlong down into the depths of sea:
Jove pass'd within his palace. All the Gods
Rose, and stood up together from their seats
To meet the Sire of heaven. His coming none
Awaited there, but towards his entrance turn'd,
And stood: he pass'd, and sate upon his throne." (*Elton.*)

We consider also the arming of Achilles, and above all, the Battle of the Gods, as affording splendid instances of translation. But the most pleasing passages are those from the *Odyssey*. The romantic scenery of the cave of Calypso, and the dialogue between this enchantress and Ulysses, are executed with considerable talent of local painting; with unaffected and flowing language, and in well modulated verse. The same praise is justly due to the translations from Callimachus and Apollonius, and the Peleus and Thetis of Catullus. The version of the episode of Ariadne, which forms a beautiful and impassioned monodrama, is one of the most finished pieces in the collection.

But we may be allowed to wonder why Mr. Elton, who in his preface acknowledges the "terse emphatical character of rhymed measure, and its fitness to round a period of sententious morality," should have so stumbled in his judgment as to invest

Lucan, his favorite Lucan, with the loose dress of blank metre. The consequence might have been foreseen; he succeeds in passages of gorgeous description, but in ambitious contrasts of character, and in the swelling sentiments of stoical philosophy, Rowe wields with far superior effect the point and antithesis of the couplet.

Anacreon opens inauspiciously: though Sappho was all spirit and rapture.

"Love stood knocking at my gate:
'Who beats my door thus loud and late,
And scares my dreams?' 'Tis I am here—
Open—a child—you need not fear:
I drop with wet: and gone astray
Through moonless dark have lost my way.'
I melted, *as he begg'd so hard*:
Rose, sprang a light, my door unbarr'd:
A boy my threshold cross'd: *but lo!*
With wings and quiver, and a bow."

This is heavy and halting; the running of one line into the other obstructs the flow of lyric measure: and the whole is stiff and prosaic. The remaining odes are executed with more freedom; and the following has the very air of Anacreon:

"On beds of tender myrtle leaves
Where trefoil grass its carpet weaves;
Tis the passion of my soul
To quaff the health-provoking bowl.

Love, his mantle thrown behind,
With the flag of Nile confined,
Shall near me ministering stand,
The heady goblet in his hand.

As the chariot-wheel rolls on,
Life runs, and as it runs, is gone:
Soon to dust our bodies turn:
Our bones are crumbled in an urn.

What avails the perfume thrown
On cold earth or on a stone?
While I live let odours flow:
Thick round my brows let roses blow:

Call the mistress of my heart:
Love! ere yet I hence depart
To join the dance of ghosts below,
I would scatter every woe."

Mr. Elton is, we think, happy in modelling his Pindar on the dramatic chorusses of Milton. The elaborate attention paid to the sense of this author, and the easy perspicuity with which it is unfolded in simple yet numerous measure, render the versions of the second Olympic and first Pythian Ode, useful auxiliaries in familiarizing the young scholar with poetry thus figurative

and abstracted. The metre of the Orphean Argonautics will appear uncouth : but we are not sorry to have the twelve-syllable and fourteen-syllable verses of Chapman revived. It was perhaps unwise to reject entirely measures of such compass and weight. Homer is never so much Homer as in many of the numbers of Chapman's *Odyssey*. The magnificent hexameters of the Greek bard, when compressed into the couplet or resolved into the loose involutions of blank verse, seem, in many instances, to "pipe and whistle in the sound."

The extracts from the *Æneid*, with the exception of the death of Dido, are not very happily chosen : but perhaps Mr. Elton was piqued to make good his point of Virgil's length of narration and deficiency of striking incident and character. The descent of *Æneas* to the infernal regions, or the apparition of the deities during the conflagration of Troy ; or as Mr. Elton seems fond of soft and melancholy sentiment, the death of Euryalus, might have been thought to possess as much attraction as the interview of *Æneas* with Venus, and his introduction at the court of Carthage. The specimens of the *Georgics* are better chosen, and still better executed. The reader may compare the description of the snake of Calabria, in the third book, in the version of the most popular translator, with that of Mr. Elton.

"But when the dusty fen's wide clefts expand,
Wild with fierce thirst he leaps upon the land :
Lashes the earth beneath his iron fold,
And glares with flaming eye in frenzy roll'd.
Oh ! heaven avert that then in slumber laid
I stretch my limbs along the leafy glade :
When cast his slough, regardless of his young,
Radiant in prime of life he rolls along :
Or towering to the sun, erect in ire,
Vibrates his triple tongue, that streams with fire." (*Sotheby.*)

"When heat the marshes dries, and rives the ground,
He leaps to land and writhes his fiery eyes around.
Haggard with thirst he rages on his way,
Scared with the burning agony of day.
Ah ! may I not beneath the open sky,
Behind some wood on verdure slumbering lie ;
When his cast slough abandon'd in the brake,
Sleek in new youth rolls forth the glistening snake ;
Starts from his cavern'd eggs or scaly young,
Soars on the sun and forks his quivering tongue." (*Elton.*)

The latter has clearly the advantage in spontaneous facility, closeness and spirit.

In Horace's Ode to *Pyrrha*, no poet has succeeded so happily as Cowley, notwithstanding his conceits and his exuberance. Mr. Elton's version drags heavily as to lyrical cadence ; his

stanza is in too stiff and sonnet-like a form (we beg Mr. Capel Lofft's pardon); it has not the soft transition of tone, the sweet pathetic fall of the original. The Ode to Licinius is more successful. That to Mæcenas might be read, if Dryden's could be forgotten. Cowley has, also, among his fragments, the celebrated simile on procrastination from the Epistles. We shall contrast it with that of the present translator, as each is eminently good in its kind.

"Begin—be bold—and venture to be wise;
He that defers his work from day to day,
Does on a river's brink expecting stay,
Till the whole stream that stopp'd him shall be gone,
Which runs, and as it runs, for ever shall run on." (Cowley.)

"——— dare then to be wise:
Begin: the man who still postpones the hour
Of living well is like the clown who waits
Till the whole river shall have flow'd away:
The rolling river glides before his eyes,
And so shall glide for ever and for ever." (Elton.)

Propertius is evidently a favorite with Mr. Elton. He prefers him to Tibullus, though he allows the latter to be more unaffectedly elegant and tender: and he prefers him for the very reason that would induce most critics to place him below his rival as an amatory poet: for his sallies of bitter jealousy and ironical satire. The case is, that Mr. Elton's taste is, as we think, less susceptible of the more delicate and refined beauties of sentiment than of bold and broad traits of passion or feeling. There is more fire in Propertius than tenderness. The following stanzas breathe an evident sympathy with the enthusiasm of the original: and offer a very favorable specimen of the translator's success in amorous elegy:

"In me no arts can tardy love devise;
His foot can track no more the beaten ways:
Come ye, that draw the moon from charmed skies!
That bid the hearth in magic orgies blaze!
"Come! turn a haughty mistress' marble heart,
And change her cheek still paler than my own:
Then will I trust that stars obey your art,
And rivers rush, by mutter'd verse alone.
"Friends! that too late my sliding feet recal,
Some antidote to this my frenzy bear:
Bring steel; bring flames and racks: I brave them all;
But let me freely vent my fierce despair.
"Oh snatch me to the world's remotest shore!
Oh waft me o'er th' immeasurable main!
Where never woman may behold me more,
Nor trace my way, to sting with her disdain."

True to his system of contravening received opinions, Mr. Elton, who would not allow Horace to be witty, denies that Persius is obscure. Why then should his professed admirers have been at the pains of defending him from this charge, by ascribing the darkness of his style to political caution? We think, however, that the merit of this translator, both in Persius and Juvenal, is more decided, and of a higher kind, than he has exhibited in the extracts from the other poets, with the exception of Apollonius Rhodius. The passage which we select will enable the reader to estimate his powers in a different style of poetry.

"Here some foot-captain, whose shag'd breast is grown
With goatish hair, breaks in with huffing tone:
'My wisdom serves: nor am I such an ass
To bear, like Solon or Arcesilas,
A pack of troubles: walk with head awry;
Glout on the ground with fix'd and leaden eye;
With mumbled inward muttering, as would seem
Lunatic silence, or the talking dream
Of a sick dotard: weighing out grave saws
From blubber'd lip with mouthing self-applause;
Whence "nothing can from nothing come," we learn;
And that "to nothing nothing can return."
Is this the wisdom that should make you pine?
And should a man for this refuse to dine?'
Through the stout ranks the hoarse horse-laughter grows,
And peals redoubling wrinkle every nose."

The following lines express, with considerable power, the indignant acerbity and awful energy of the original.

"Dost thou not blush with Natta's self to vie
In loose and thriftless prodigality?
But vice has stupified his mental part:
Dull grossness cloaks the fibres of his heart:
No fault is his, thus senseless to his cost,
Who losing virtue recks not what he lost:
Plunged in the stagnant pool, of vice the sop,
He sinks, nor ever bubbles to the top.
Great father of the Gods! in this alone
To savage tyrants may thy wrath be shown!
Oh when the lust of crime with venom'd stain
Infects their thoughts and burns upon their brain;
Let them that virtue which they left discern,
And pine their loss though never to return!
Groan'd they more deep whom in the roaring void
Sicilia's bulls with lingering pains destroy'd?
More fearful did the sword by wavering thread
Hang from gilt roofs above the wretch's head;
Who clothed in purple sate; than when suppress
In whispers issues from the guilty breast,
'I am undone, undone!' when conscious-pale
Not to his own fond wife he breathes the tale?"

In the hunting and fishing poems of Oppian and Grattius Faliscus, he displays equal force and concinnity of expression. His genius seems naturally to lean to the satirical and didactic styles: yet to judge from his preface and his practice, he appears to distrust his own talents in rhymed verse, and seems glad of an occasion to escape from the wholesome restraint of rhyme into the lawless liberty of blank measure.

As a further proof of our position, may be adduced the versions from Claudian. Judging from the general tone of criticism in these volumes, we should have expected that this poet would have been raised above Virgil: but, to our surprize, he is pronounced artificial and tawdry, without either eloquence or nature. We concur in placing the latinity of Valerius Flaccus and Silius above that of Claudian, who betrays something of a barbaric cast in his phraseology: but his invectives possess eloquence, and eloquence of a very powerful kind, particularly in that against the eunuch-minister Eutropius; and a stroke of nature occurs to us in that very poem of the Rape of Proserpine, which Mr. Elton undervalues, because Claudian has availed himself of the established machinery of pagan poetry.

Succidui titubant gressus, foribusque reclusis
Dum vacuas sedes et desolata pererrat
Atria, semirutas confuso stamine telas
Atque interceptas agnoscit pectinis artes. lib. 3.

"She ventures in, and through the quiet house
And silent courts with staggering paces goes:
And as she rolls around her heavy eyes
Th' unfinish'd purple in the woof espies." HUGHES.

With this distaste of Mr. Elton for Claudian, how can we account for his peculiar success in this author, but from his theory and his genius being completely at variance? The description of the Phoenix has all the smooth and florid brilliancy for which this poet is remarkable.

"Here far too blest the solar bird sublime
Dwells safe-embosom'd in the burning clime:
His lonely reign, untouch'd by birds that fly,
Or beasts that creep in frail mortality:
Free from the human world's contagious breath;
A bird, like heavenly beings, charm'd from death.
With stars endures the creature's vivid day:
His frame renew'd sees ages waste away.
No ripening dainties sate his hungering bill;
Nor with slaked thirst he tastes the gushing rill:
Nourish'd with sunbeams and the ocean spray
He sips aerial food and drinks the day.
Keen from his eyes the secret splendours break:
A fiery glory reddens round his beak:

His crested head a sun-like diadem rears
 Whose plume's ray'd light the parted darkness clears :
 His legs are tinged with crimson's Tyrian dye :
 His sweeping wings before the breezes fly :
 Cœrulean colors paint their feather'd fold,
 Blue as a flower and rich with sprinkled gold.
 From no seed quicken'd, no conception's fire,
 Son to himself, and of himself the sire,
 His life-worn body vegetates in death,
 Alternate funerals teem with vital breath.
 When thousand summers have their circuit wound,
 Winters rush'd by, and springs absolved their round ;
 Restoring to the culture-loving swain
 The foliage strew'd by autumn on the plain ;
 Weigh'd down by years the Phoenix feels at length
 The numerous lustres pressing on his strength :
 So the tall pine-tree, rock'd by many a gale,
 Stoops from the Scythian mountains to the vale :
 Drawn by its headlong weight, still downward bends,
 And tottering to a fall in air impends :
 Bow'd, by strong whirlwinds, riven with eating rains,
 Hollow'd with cankering age it topples on the plains."

To the selector of such a mass of classical poetry, neither industry nor versatility of powers can, in justice, be denied. These are shown not merely in the great diversity of authors referred to, but in the copious specimens exhibited of each individual poet. The work is not a selection of mere "beauties," but of characteristic extracts. That they are executed with a fair equality of spirit and talent will appear from a slight comparison of dissimilar specimens : for example, the "Syracusan Gossips" of Theocritus with his "Infant Hercules:" or the extracts from Lucretius with those from Tibullus.

The reader is also introduced to poets comparatively unknown even to classical scholars : such as Calphurnius, Nemesian, and Rutilius. So that, in fact, this compendium possesses an advantage which is wanting in the more voluminous collections of translators. We would advise Mr. Elton, in a second edition, to revise and invigorate such passages as he may have allowed himself to pass over with a careless or indolent hand ; to select some better extracts from the *Æneid* ; and to acquire something more of veneration for the epic muse of Virgil.

ART. II.—1. *Sarsfield; or, the Wanderings of Youth. An Irish Tale.* By JOHN GAMBLE, Esq. author of *Sketches, &c. in Ireland.* 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 656. London. Cradock and Joy. 1814. Pr. 16s. 6d. bds.

2. *Howard*. By JOHN GAMBLE, Esq. author of *Irish Sketches*, *Sarsfield*, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 434. London. Baldwin and Co. 1815. Pr. 9s.

THESE two novels being the production of the same writer, who has frequently appeared as a candidate for the favor of the public, the same general notice may suffice for both; after which we shall present to our readers an analysis of each.

It will probably be allowed by all sound reasoners and correct observers, that, in order to challenge our respect and command our admiration, there is *one quality* which every character must possess, and wanting which all other qualities are without value and utility. That quality is Principle. Some call it Honour; and Pope, in his memorable line, has applied to it the homely term of Honesty, which now seems to be wholly appropriated to money-dealings between man and man. But, however named, this active love of goodness and repugnance to evil is the stamen whence must proceed all those ramifications which are to bear the fruit of credit or renown. This is what we look for in persons with whom we are to hold converse or have connection; and this quality is equally essential to a book professing to treat of men and manners, and which is said to be of a *good tendency*. Without this, stories and essays are "altogether lighter than vanity itself." They may float for a moment upon the stream of public opinion, as feathers sport upon the wave; but they will never bear a grand and profitable freight down the current of Time to the ocean of Futurity, firm and impregnable like the Norwegian timbers.

In the nomenclature of *moral* chemistry, wit has been assimilated to salt. It is, indeed, pungent; but we are not aware that it has any antiseptic properties. It often sparkles amid a corrupt mass which it cannot purify, and lends a deceptive glare to vice. But sterling good sense and integrity embalm whatever they are contained in, and defy the destructive power of Time. It is not the talent, but the virtue of Richardson which has enrolled his novels among the English classics, and spread them over the continent of Europe. His manner is tedious and diffuse, his style is inaccurate and feeble: but Truth and Nature sanctify his pages, and we venerate in them the laborious attempt of a good man to make mankind wiser and better. Such should be the aim of all those who step forward from the ranks of private society, and call upon others to observe the path they trace. Such should be the main spring and direction of every book which has not science for its subject.

Whether Mr. Gamble is impressed with this truth, his works do not afford sufficient evidence for us to decide. We certainly do not think they are calculated to enforce it. The virtues of charity, benevolence, and friendship, are indeed painted in the most glowing and inviting colors; and selfishness, cruelty, and tyranny, exposed to condign detestation: but all this is done in so rapid and desultory a manner, without any reference to first principles and first causes; our sacred duties are mentioned with so much levity; the agents introduced are rewarded or punished with so total a disregard to poetical and moral justice, and the inevitable consequences of good and bad actions; and there is so little care taken to enforce warnings and display examples to our minds; that although considerable ability appears in many of the pathetic passages, we doubt whether they will produce any permanent feeling and effect. All Mr. Gamble's productions seem to be written (as we are told no wise man ever does any thing) in a *hurry*. To dash from one subject to another, appears to be at once his pride, his pleasure, and his boast. The power of versatility is a good-enough thing; but the practice of it may degenerate into a very bad one. All the beauty of gradation is often lost by such practice; and contrast itself derives its force from previous continuity of tone. We are, however, far from recommending that Mr. Gamble should commit his works to the correction and alteration of friends. We who write know very well, when other people alter our performances, "what monsters they make of us." Mr. Gamble says very truly in the second volume of *Howard*, where he has chosen to put his *preface*, "All kind of criticism destroys that continuity of thought and manner in which the identity of an author consists." But we wish him to take time, and to think; for talent he need not seek, he has it already.

Howard is a child of enthusiasm and romance, something in the manner of Mr. Godwin's *Fleetwood*. He is an Irishman; but might as well, as the author justly observes, have belonged to any other country. Manners and habits can alone distinguish individuals of different climates. The passions are not indigenous to any particular soil; and although we do not mean to dispute the existence of national character; we do not think it impossible to find phlegmatic Frenchmen, liberal-minded Spaniards, vivacious Hollanders, or cool and deliberate Irishmen. The parents of *Howard* are good people, rather below the middling ranks of life. Mr. Gamble seems to have quite an antipathy to the higher classes of society; and seldom alludes to gentry or nobility, without some philippic against their vices and follies.

Howard, to the misfortune of himself and others, is cursed with a great deal of that vague, morbid sensibility, which, according as it is, or is not united to extraordinary powers of mind, makes a Childe Harold, or a fool. He grows up, full of melancholy and romance, loving every body and nobody, sickening at real life, and expatiating amid ideal scenes of rapture. His conduct is, however, pure till he meets with a profligate young man, who leads him into vice; and, as the first step towards making him know the world, teaches him to forget his religious and filial obligations. He meditates on robbing and deserting his father,—the old man appears, and the heart of the son is melted into tenderness, and torn with remorse. He goes to London to seek his fortune; but we are not told how. Mr. Gamble is not quite so communicative as Dr. Smollet, whose Roderick Random is a compendium of useful experience. In the Liverpool coach Mr. Howard meets with a beautiful girl, whom he immediately recognizes as the original of the ideal portrait of his fancy, and accordingly he falls in love with her. On arriving in London his mind is, however, diverted from this pursuit by the necessary attendance on his patron, and the amusements of the town. By the consequences of a mischievous frolic on the part of his former companion, he is thrown again into the way of the young lady, and through the agency of a *confidant* of rather a singular description—an old man, a tradesman, and a friend of the father's—our hero continues to have frequent meetings with the object of his passion. He is desirous to marry her; but cannot give her a maintenance, and is certain of being refused by the father, who has forbidden his daughter to see him. Under such circumstances the lonely and frequent meetings of the lovers were not only imprudent but dangerous. They ended—as might have been expected. Howard, in absolute want of money, is obliged to tear himself from his beloved—to go abroad and fill an office which his patron had procured for him, but hopes to realise a sufficient property to return and marry the woman whom he loves with a sincere and ardent affection. Her letters to him betray anxiety, despondency, and even terror. He at last discovers the fatal truth, and frantic with apprehensions for her life and reputation, returns suddenly to England. He traces her from London to the house of a relation in Litchfield, and is obliged to rest for a few hours at an inn, where the following scene occurs.

“ He was sitting melancholy and disconsolate, ‘of sorriest fancies his companions making,’ when merry notes of music reached his ear. He went to the window which looked upon the yard—he listened—they

came from the opposite wing of the inn—it was a ball-room—there seemed a gay and fashionable, as well as numerous assembly. The windows were large and clear, and he saw distinctly almost the entire length of the room. He heard equally distinctly the music's enlivening sound. The dance was just forming—the company walked up and down—the music changed—it struck up *The Conquering Hero*—the tall figures seemed to grow taller, in unison with the lofty sound. The grandeur of this tune has been often remarked—its character of profound melancholy, Howard did not fail to remark also. ‘Even in mirth,’ sighed he, ‘there is sadness. Alas! what is man, when joy even is joyless, and grandeur melancholy!’ The dance began—he stood a long while looking and listening—beautiful young women, in dresses brilliant as the rainbow's choicest hues, flitted past him like gay visions in the Elysian fields. Gentlemen in coloured clothes and uniforms, in brown, blue, and scarlet, were their delighted attendants, and elated partners, in pleasure's tumultuous maze.

“It was a scene of exhilaration; to many it would have been so: it was no scene of exhilaration to him. To him there was but one being on earth, and he wrapped every other in the shroud which he dreaded awaited her. His heart sank the deeper at every burst of merriment and every tread of joy. They seemed to his gloomy imagination the senseless laugh of the idiot beneath the chariot-wheel which is about to crush him—the maddening tread of the sleeper, who unconscious approaches the frightful abyss.

“Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes!
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night.

“‘Poor, hapless, giddy creatures!’ exclaimed he, too much in earnest long to use any language but his own. ‘Poor, hapless, fluttering, unfortunate creatures, how I pity you, who have no thought nor pity for yourselves! Moving thoughtless in the wanton round and frantic whirl of the illusive present, ignorant and unthinking of the inevitable future that awaits you, of the changes that a few years will bring about in these erect, and graceful, and light, and bounding forms—ignorant and unthinking that instead of these essenced, and perfumed, and courteous, and smiling, and obsequious, and numerous partners; as in the death-dance of Holbein, one hideous partner, one inexorable skeleton, one grave-breathing and squalid spectre, will dance off in turn, reluctant or unreluctant, with you all—will have you in turn, reluctant or unreluctant all, to Death's own frightful ball-room, where, instead of that illuminated apartment dazzling the eye with its lustre, you will have the grave's everlasting darkness, and where instead of those gay dresses, fluttering to the air of your own light movements, you must throw off each costly ornament, and put on the soul-appalling shroud.’” “He was gazing and moralizing, if moralizing it may be called in this manner, when three or four officers burst into the yard, as from the dancing-room. They crossed the court, and entered a door of the side where he was standing; an instant afterwards he heard footsteps in the apartment underneath—he took no heed—he looked still on the dancers—he listened to their music, which, as if to make, what quick as lightning followed, more awful and impressive, at that moment struck up its most animated notes. Another sight glanced on his eye—another sound reached his ear—

"While antic measures beat the burthen'd ground,
And to the vaulted skies, the trumpet's clangors sound.

"A gleam of light fell on the opposite wall, which was accompanied by the report of a pistol, and instantly followed by a second report. A shriek of pain and heavy crash, as of something or somebody falling, instantly succeeded. He ran down, and went into the room. There were several people there. In one corner was a gentleman wringing his hands in an apparent state of distraction and despair. A little circle was round another, who was stretched on the floor: he looked, and saw by the dress it was an officer; a surgeon, or person who performed the office of one, endeavoured to staunch the blood, which streamed on the ground. The wounded man seemed not absolutely dead. He made a slight convulsive effort. He next attempted to raise himself, but fell helpless back. 'He wants air, perhaps,' exclaimed our young man, 'raise him.'

"He was raised half up—Howard bent forward—he started back—he eagerly bent forward again—his eyes did not deceive him, though much he wished that they had. It was a well-known face that he saw, distorted as it was by the agony of pain—by the agony of death I should rather say. It was a well-known form that he recognized; deformed as it was by convulsions, blood, and wounds.

"It was his friend the young officer, whom, a few months before, he had parted with elate and erect in youth and health, and whom now he saw so lowly laid—soon to be still more lowly laid.

.....

"As the room became cooler and quieter, the wounded sufferer came a little to himself. The dew stood in less deadly drops on his forehead. He unclosed his mouth—he half opened his eyes—they rested on his friend, who was anxiously bending over him. The poor man shuddered, and uttered a faint exclamation of surprise—of more than surprise. He groaned, and closed his eyes again. The tears of him who supported his drooping head dropped fast on his face. He could not see, but he felt them, and the force of sympathy drew them from his own eyes—they slowly trickled from underneath his drooped eye-lashes, and 'coursed one another down his neck in piteous chace.' He groaned again—again he half-opened his eyes—he essayed to speak, but was unable; a little wine in a tea-spoon was put into his mouth; it caused convulsions, and rested in the throat; it was at length, however, swallowed; another tea-spoonful was swallowed with less difficulty, and a third with still less. Howard now poured a glass full down his throat—delightful effect! the effect of wine on the dying man. For death and old age it is nature's own cordial, and treasured up resource. To them it may truly be said to sparkle, and to grow ruby-red. Pity that youth and health, which so little want it, should exhaust the fountain from which oblivion of their extremest sorrows and sufferings is to flow! The wounded man now drew his breath more easily. The colour came somewhat to his face; the lustre returned a little to his eye; he essayed to speak, and this time, though not without a strong effort, was able to do so.

"'I have led a foolish life,' said he, faintly, 'and to a foolish end am I come!' 'All our lives are folly,' sighed heavily our young man. 'What profit have we of all our labour under the sun? I envy almost him who is come to his end, whether it be a wise or a foolish one.'—'Forgive me!' exclaimed the departing sinner. 'Forgive you!' exclaimed Howard, wringing his hand, 'Forgive——' 'You may not think much of it—but I think of it now—in your youth I led you astray!—

'You could not have led me astray,' said the other, 'except by my own fault—I led myself.' 'You have more to forgive me,' said the dying man. 'Be it what it will,' replied Howard, pressing the clammy hand that he held, 'I forgive you as readily as I expect to be forgiven.' " Vol. 2. p. 58.

Howard, in spite of his urgent desire to proceed on his journey, and snatch all he loved from shame and sorrow, waits not only to close the eyes of his former companion, but in compliance with the request, that he had made, to attend at his funeral and give the sad tidings to his family. This piece of humanity proves his ruin. He reaches Litchfield *a day too late*. On coming near the town, he hears a number of people speaking of a young woman who had been drawn out of the river nearly drowned, in consequence, as it is supposed, of an attempt upon her own life. He dreads to enquire who it is,—the dreadful truth flashes upon his mind. It is the woman he loves, the wretched victim of his folly. The subsequent scenes are very highly wrought.—The unhappy father curses the destroyer of his child; the penitent sufferer writhes under the penalty of her crime; and the wretched lover abhors himself for having caused the misery of both.

Under every aggravation of shame, remorse and terror, the beloved of Howard, in consequence of the shock to her constitution from her attempted suicide, gives birth to a dead child. The mother survives, but heart-stricken and exhausted by contending emotions, falls into a lingering distemper, and just before the time fixed for her marriage with the hero of the tale, dies from the effect of mortification, on finding that her society is rejected by the women of character in the neighbourhood.

Of Howard we are told, that

"The bright form of existence passed from his view, and left nothing in its stead but a cheerless blank. His heart closed itself to joy, and if ever he felt a moment's pleasure, it was when on the solitary hill, or lonely mountain, he could shun mankind, and avoid communication with them; yet short-lived was the pleasure, for even here would reflection intrude. And while he saw himself a cheerless wanderer, he could not but remember that, were it not for his own fault, in the society of his wife, and of her and her children, he might have lived beloved and honoured. Yet for him, surely, there was some excuse. Passion prompted, and opportunity presented. His heart bled for the woes he had inflicted, and gladly would he have repaired them as far as he could. But for the world which wantoned in cruelty, which broke the bruised reed, and crushed the drooping lily—for the barbarous world, where is there an excuse?"

Such is the story,—but where is the moral? The catastrophe is brought on by the ladies, who declare that they will not

go to an assembly if a young woman who has been seduced from chastity be admitted. This is hard, but it is requisite; and we pity the victim to the laws by which vice is discountenanced, and decency maintained, while we reverence those laws, and deprecate any attempt to loosen their hold on the public mind.

Sarsfield, or the wanderings of youth, is a tale replete with interest and feeling, but overflowing with improbabilities and false reasonings. It bears more resemblance to the Bryan Perdue of Holcroft, than to any other fiction we are acquainted with. It is superior to Howard in composition, and the diction is less careless and defective; but it leads us back to our old objection against this animated and forcible writer, the want of a *moral tendency*. Sarsfield's misfortunes do not obviously arise from his faults, but from a mysterious *fate* which perplexes, counteracts, and at last destroys him. The pernicious doctrine of fatalism is the ebon wand round which Mr. Gamble delights to twine the blossoms of fancy. The story is artificially conceived but naturally told; the action is reduplicated, and the narrative, after the manner of epic poetry, begins in the middle. It is long before we find out *who* Sarsfield is, and longer before we discover *what* he is. Many passages in the work are so highly wrought as to hold the attention in breathless expectation. The epic lyre is powerfully swept, but not delicately touched, many a grating *discord* and unpleasing *flat* break the charm of continuous melody; the performer is for ever changing his *key*, and shews himself more *chromatic* than scientific; the passion for transition is in fact his bane. Some of the scenes are like a debauch painted by Hogarth—*horridly fine*. But although we do not pretend to be so fastidious as the fine ladies in the Vicar of Wakefield, who could not endure any thing *low-lived*, we must maintain that, in painting the manners and language of ruffians, there is a point which good taste cannot pass, and from which piety and decency recoil; nor can we excuse the author who sullies his page with blasphemies. There may be much, to be technically called *good writing*, which, nevertheless, ought never to have been written.

Sarsfield is first betrayed into guilt by an abandoned woman, he then flies from his parents, robs his master, and becomes a renegade and a sharper. In the midst of these evil courses he preserves a warmth of feeling, a good nature and something like *honor* which attach to him a young man of virtuous character, who attempts the desperate enterprise of his reform. Love for an amiable woman aids his endeavours, and he succeeds.—The eyes of Sarsfield are purified from the clouds of vice and

error, and opened to the "beauty of holiness,"—his reformation is complete. His father forgives him, his mistress welcomes him, and the story ends—No, we will not do Mr. Gamble the injustice of telling how the story ends.—Mr. Bayes piqued himself on his power to "elevate and surprise;" Mr. Gamble might have aspired to *elevate*—he chose only to *surprise* his readers.

ART. III.—*A voyage to Cadiz and Gibraltar, up the Mediterranean to Sicily and Malta, in 1810 and 1811, including a description of Sicily and the Lipari Islands, and an Excursion in Portugal.* By LT. GEN. COCKBURN. Two vols. 8vo. pp. 810. Harding, London, and Mahon, Dublin, 1815.

WHETHER we direct our attention to the events of past ages, or confine it to those of our own times, the southern part of Europe must ever present to us an interesting spectacle. The nature and succession of *recent* occurrences have conferred an additional interest upon all that relates to those regions; and insure a favorable reception for the labors of those who have lately traversed them, and either witnessed the transactions themselves, or surveyed the scenes where they took place.

Lieutenant General Cockburn sailed from Portsmouth, in the *Lively* Frigate, commanded by Captain M'Kinley, on the 16th of June, 1810; and arrived at Cadiz on the 8th of the following month, and sailed again on the 12th. This interval of four days he very industriously employed in examining whatever was most interesting, either in a civil, naval, or military point of view, in Cadiz and its neighbourhood. Cadiz was at that time besieged by the French, and was crowded with families from the interior, who had gone thither in consequence of the disturbed state of the country.

The author describes Cadiz as an extremely clean city, and all the women he saw as well made and handsome. Respecting the latter he observes: "They dress in black and wear veils till after the evening walk, when they put on white to go to the *Ter-tulia*:" several of which assemblies, with high play, take place every night. With respect to the Spanish gentry, he met many walking about the streets, who "looked like *Pero* in the *Pantomime*. Astley might pick up a dozen in half an hour ready equipped." "The men are stout and strong limbed, very brown and lazy. They lie about in the streets in heaps, fast asleep, particularly during the heat of the day."

On the 12th of July, the frigate sailed for Gibraltar, and anchored in the bay the same evening. On the 15th the Lively took charge of the convoy left by the Philomel, and sailed immediately for Malta; the termination of which voyage is thus described.

"At 9 o'clock P. M. (Aug. 9th.) wind perfectly fair and a good breeze, we shall be in Valetta early to-morrow. Friday, 10th. What uncertainty in this world! a few hours ago we had every prospect of being safely in harbour at Malta by day light, but contrary to every probability, or almost possibility, were wrecked this morning, or rather in the night between Thursday the 9th and Friday the 10th. It happened in St. Paul's Bay, Malta, where that Saint is said to have been also shipwrecked.

The ship was entirely lost, but the crew and some of their effects were saved.

The time during which they were obliged to wait at Malta for a passage to Sicily, was spent in examining all that is curious, and best worth seeing in that singular spot, which has been the object of so much contention during a period within the recollection of most of our readers. General Cockburn terminates his observations on this island by a brief historical sketch of that extraordinary society of men, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, which he says was "born and fostered under superstition, and religious madness."

On the 29th of August, the author sailed for Messina, on board the Martha transport. He was off Catania on the morning of the 1st of September, with a full view of Mount Ætna; and on the 2nd landed at Messina.

General Cockburn's appointment on the British staff enabled him to acquire the best information relative to the number and state of both the English and Sicilian armies, the strength of their positions, the actions between the English and French gunboats, which were constantly opposed to each other on the opposite shore of Sicily and Calabria; and of the attack made on our army by a part of Murat's forces commanded by General Cavagniac, on the 18th of September, 1810. "Whatever was the object of this *expedition sans exemple* (as the French officers called it,) it entirely failed: and the whole number of prisoners made and embarked for Malta was 41 officers and 900 men." The enemy's camp on the opposite shore entirely broke up about the end of the month; and General Cockburn was ordered, on the 4th of October, to take the command at Melazzo; but on the 24th of the same month, was obliged to quit the staff, on account of promotion. Respecting this circumstance, he observes,

"Promotion, which in all other professions is an advantage, is often the contrary to the higher ranks of the army and navy. Mine to Lieutenant General removed me from the Sicilian staff; but before I heard of

it, Murat and his army broke up, and every idea of attack was over; it however left me at liberty to make the tour of this singular island. My situation and rank, as well as the kindness of our Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Stuart, who assisted me in my undertaking, gave me facilities which few Sicilian travellers have had; and I must not forget my worthy friend, the Sicilian Governor, General Danero, who obliged me with his advice and recommendations." Pref. p. viii.

General Cockburn sailed in a gun boat for Catania on the 7th of November, accompanied by Major Coghlan his aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Sweeny of the 62nd regiment, an orderly dragoon, and a cook (Pascal). On the 8th they arrived at Catania, and on the following day, set out on their expedition to the summit of Mount *Ætna*, attended by a guide from the village of Nicolosi. After climbing the side of the mountain, sometimes over vast masses of lava, and at others almost up to the middle in snow, they arrived at the bottom of the steep cone, the top of which they reached a little before noon.

"This part is all covered with loose ashes and cinders, but, from the heat of the volcano, there is no snow at present, though in December and January, it is covered within a yard or two of the mouth of the crater. Here the difficulty of ascending and the labor and fatigue are very great. The air is so pure and rarified that it affects the lungs, and we lost our breath every five minutes. We were obliged often to scramble on all fours, slipping down frequently many feet in the loose ashes, so very steep is this latter part. The sudden view of this immense gulf is terrific at first, and really past description. The day was most favorable, except rather too much wind, which however blew from the crater. We were now amply repaid for the labor and delays of bad weather, and saw most distinctly the bottom of this wonderful and immense crater, which contains several minor mountains and their craters within it; some smoking like the most violent glass-house, or steam works. A descent into the crater, if the ground is as hard as it appears to be, would have been this day perfectly practicable; the crater often changes its form: on the side which we first approached, the descent was perpendicular, but the opposite side went down by a gradual slope. Our time in these short days did not admit of the experiment, or I should have made it. vol. 1. p. 136.

The following circumstance, however, we think would have made the stoutest tremble, when standing on the brink of this fiery gulf.

"I sat down at the top (says General Cockburn,) to date three or four letters, which I had promised some particular friends, they should receive from this elevated and extraordinary spot; I brought ink and paper for this purpose, as well as to note the degrees at which the thermometer stood at different heights as we ascended. I only wrote a line or two of my letters, which I finished at Nicolosi; but, while thus employed, we had a violent shock of an earthquake: I cannot describe the sensation, particularly at the mouth of such a volcano. However, I dated my letters, and wrote a part of them, sanding them with the ashes, but not without feeling a little nervous. On stirring the loose ashes, the smoke

comes out, and the ground feels very hot, if scraped a little, so much so as to burn." vol. I. p. 138.

Having spent about an hour at the mouth of the crater, and collected various specimens of volcanic matter, the party descended, and reached the Convent of Nicolosi, after fifteen hours of extreme toil, and without having had any refreshment, except a little bread and onion.

Gen. C. sailed from Catania on the 16th, with a fair wind, for Syracuse; which he reached late the same night. After spending some days in visiting the objects most worthy of attention, in this celebrated town and its vicinity, among which are the Fountain of Arethusa, the Ear of Dionysius, the ancient Theatre, the Convent of the Capuchins, the Grecian Aqueduct, and the excavations in the vicinity, he returned to Catania; visiting Augusta in his passage. Having spent another week at Catania, he proceeded to Lingua Grossa, and thence to Franca Villa, Taorminum, Palma, Scaletta, and Messina. He remained at Messina till the end of January, when he visited Melazzo, and the Lipari islands. He went next to Tindari and Rometta; thence he proceeded to Palermo, where he arrived on the 14th of March. He left the latter place in the following month, and proceeded to the ancient Segesta, and Trapani, situated at the western extremity of the island. From this place he coasted along the southern shore, visiting Mazzara, the ancient Temples at Selinus, the city of Gergenti, and the Ruins of Agrigentum.

On the evening of the 17th of April, the author left Sicily for Malta, in a gun-boat, but on the 19th, when they were within sight of that island, contrary winds and stormy weather obliged them to put back, and run for the coast of Sicily, where they struck on rocks near the harbour of Scoglietta, a wretched fishing village, which carries on some smuggling trade with Malta. When the storm ceased, the gun-boat was got on shore, and repaired through the assistance of the English consul at Vittoria. Our author, however, impatient of delay, took his passage on board a sprenaros for Malta; but when within 20 miles of that island, they were driven back by contrary winds, and he returned once more to Scoglietta, after being nearly lost. On the 27th, he finally left Sicily, and reached Malta, where he remained three weeks, and examined such things as the shortness of his former visit did not permit him to do before. On the 14th of the following month (May), he embarked on board the Freya frigate, touched at Gibraltar on the 29th, and arrived at Lisbon on the 2nd of June. After spending some time at Lisbon, and visiting much of what was worthy of particular

attention in its neighbourhood, Gen C. made an excursion to Torres Vedras, Vimiera, Sabral, and Franca Villa, and returned thence down the Tagus to Lisbon. On the 23d of June, he sailed from Lisbon on board the *Diadem*, commanded by Captain Phillimore, and arrived at Portsmouth on the 18th of July.

Having given this brief sketch of our author's route, it may be necessary to observe, that his work is written in the form of a journal, and appears to have been principally composed at the time and on the spot where the occurrences took place, and the reflections presented themselves. This method possesses the advantage of enabling the reader to attend the traveller more closely in his progress from place to place, and to become, perhaps, more familiar with the scenes and localities he describes. The work is, in general, written in an easy and perspicuous style, but not without a mixture of negligent expressions, and a few repetitions and vulgarisms. It is accompanied by an appendix, embracing remarks on a variety of subjects, more or less connected with the principal object of the work itself. The author has also subjoined a map of Sicily, and of the streights of Messina, with a plan of Franca Villa, and of the battle between the Spaniards and Austrians, in 1719. He has also added a series of well executed Vignettes and views, which confer much additional value on the work, and afford a lively and striking idea of the beautiful and romantic scenery, which almost every where meets the traveller's sight in these volcanic Islands.

The Vignettes are a view of the sea-coasts of Sindari, of Gibraltar, of the point of Ceuta, and of the Temple of the Giants at Gergenti.

The views in the first volume embrace Fort Gonzago, Bird's eye view of Messina, Scylla, Scaletta, Great Crater of Mount Etna, Etna from the Biscaris Garden, Catania and Etna from the sea, topography of Etna and Lingua Grossa, country at Taorminum and Mola, Taorminum with a distant view of Etna, Fort and Pass at St. Alessio, profile view of Scaletta and Volcano, castle of Lipari, Volcano from the baths of Lipari, winter view of Etna by moonlight, Rometta, and convent of St. Martin. Those in the second volume are Monte Pellegrino, temple of Segesta, Gergenti, Cape St. Vincent, Cintra, distant view of Etna, Murat's camp and Flotilla, Stromboli, and Castiglione from Franca Villa.

We shall now make a few extracts on detached subjects. The following shows the want of cordiality which subsisted between the court of Palermo and the English; and exhibits in the most

striking light the apathy of the Sicilian government in defending the country, when the enemy was encamped within sight of its shores, and even had actually made a descent upon its coast.

"The situation of the commander of the forces was certainly one of difficulty; for he did not meet with that assistance and cordiality from the court of Palermo, which he had a right to expect. Not even one regiment of infantry did the king contribute to the defence of this his last stake: a regiment of cavalry (the Val de Noto) and a division of Sicilian gun-boats (but rationed by England) was all the aid we could obtain. The repairs of the fortifications at Syracuse, Augusta, Melazzo, and Trapani, were defrayed by England. Every remonstrance from our minister Lord Amherst, or from Sir John Stuart, was useless." Vol. i. p. 101.

The properties of the prickly pear tree, and the use made of it by the inhabitants of Mount Etna, to pulverise the hardest masses of lava, and change them into a fruitful soil, is very curious; and powerfully evinces the resources which nature possesses for altering the very constitution of her productions.

"The prickly pear has a peculiar quality; it absolutely changes the lava, in a manner, breaks it up, and, in process of time, pulverises it, though ever so hard; and then it forms the most luxuriant soil. They bring a little earth to any crevice of the lava, and plant a prickly pear tree; it spreads and splits the rocks in about seven years; a thick plantation is formed, and a very little earth being added, in about ten years more it is nearly pulverised for some inches in depth, so as to give a good soil." vol. i. p. 163.

The following is a specimen of kingly amusement in those countries, in defence of which so much British money and blood have been spent; and it can be exceeded in barbarous cruelty only by those tyrannical acts which the King of Spain has exercised towards many of his most meritorious subjects since his return from France.

"The amusements of hunting, shooting, or fishing, appear to have always formed the principal, and almost only, source of pleasure, for King Ferdinand: his relation, the late king of Spain, was equally attached to it. So far had they carried this *mania*, that I know from undoubted authority, there was formerly a regular weekly intercourse, by special messengers, carried on between the courts of Naples and Madrid, with an account of the slaughter of game, and the feats of these monarchs in the field. Perhaps they were better employed in this animal destruction, than in human slaughter."

"The mode of hunting is, however, quite different from ours: hundreds of peasants drive the game from the woods into certain open parts; his Majesty stands within a railed fence, half a dozen men load for him, and he fires away, right and left, as fast as he can. In very bad weather, they have often collected a strange medley into a large riding-house, consisting of wolves, foxes, boars, dogs, cats, pigs, goats, deer, &c.; also owls, pigeons, haws, wild ducks, partridges, crows, &c. The animals in this promiscuous state begin a general fight, while the monarch, from a gallery, fires at them till they are all destroyed. An ignoble and cowardly pastime!" vol. i. p. 418.

Sicily, under a good government, might be rendered one of the finest, most productive and commercial countries in the world; but, according to our author, all is now wretchedness and misery. The roads are scarcely passable, even for mules, though no country has better materials, and great sums are levied every year for keeping them in repair; but these, instead of being applied to this purpose, are squandered upon favorites and spies. Agriculture and commerce are both neglected, and labor under the most oppressive restrictions.

"Nature is left to herself; no renovation of seed, or assistance to the ground, which, however, is naturally rich; law badly administered; the civil, criminal, and minor jurisdictions, bad as can be conceived. The clergy are as despotic as they dare be; but going down, yet still very powerful and profligate—any thing may be had or done in Sicily for money."

In a country of which it can be said, "to paint Sicily properly, it is enough to say, *every thing is as it ought not to be*," the moral portrait must wear a sombre hue; and such is its distinguishing characteristic. For Lieut. Gen. C. observes,

"That truth, morality, and even hospitality, are out of the Sicilian catalogue. Amongst the better orders, virtue is not respected, morals and even appearances are set at defiance. The higher classes are so far depraved, as not even to mind them." vol. ii. p. 89.

"With the middle and lower orders, though a man will be jealous of his wife, he will not hesitate to sell his sister or his daughter. The lower Sicilians are also an abstemious people; they do with little food, but eat any thing, even to the intestines of every animal killed." vol. i. p. 346.

"Their great faults arise from their government—ground by oppression, and ill-treated, they are dirty in the extreme, indelicate, and ready to sell themselves from their poverty. Most of the peasantry have arms—a man would not stir three miles without his musket. No individual ever mounts his mule to go a mile from his house without his arms. Whether, like the Turks, they go armed to the plough, I really never thought of inquiring. If forced to give an opinion, I should certainly say yes; but at all events, if they have not the musket with the plough, I am positive it is at no great distance, and most of them carry poniards and stilettos." vol. ii. p. 91.

The litigious disposition of the Sicilians is strongly exemplified in the following sentences.

"Notaries are in astonishing abundance. Such is the Sicilian distrust of each other, that they will not have the smallest transaction without a notary, except in the public market. If a man buys any thing considerable at a shop, or has any payment to make, a notary must be employed to witness the transaction, and the receipt for the payment." vol. ii. p. 95.

ART. IV. *The Flowers of Wit, or a choice collection of Bon Mots, both ancient and modern; with Biographical and Critical Remarks.* By the Rev. HENRY KETT, Author of the Elements of General Knowledge; Emily, a Moral Tale, &c. &c. &c. Two Vols. 12mo. pp. 438. Lackington and Co. 1814.

AUSTERE and rigid as we are sometimes compelled to be, we love a joke as well as the most facetious: and it is so rarely that we meet with any thing very exhilarating in the way of our professional labors, that we were disposed to give Mr. Kett a very cordial welcome. We accordingly screwed up our muscles to an unusual pitch; but our disappointment was sudden and severe. When we expected to be roaring with some country club of odd fellows, we actually found ourselves chopping logic with Aristotle, fighting with Agesilaus, and listening to the sayings of all the seven wise men of Greece in alphabetical rotation. We really were terrified. The most disastrous of our school days seemed to return in all their horrors. We looked again at the title page to see, if by some mistake, the bookseller had not sent us a new Greek Grammar. But on turning to the introduction, we discovered a solution of our difficulties, and found that the production before us was *no laughing matter*. Our readers cannot imagine our chagrin—for they are not reviewers.

The reverend author (now we have read his book we can speak of him with all due gravity) has, we find, included in his idea of wit good things of every description, from puns to dying exhortations. We do not wish to say much about his definition of wit—"wit is much the same talent as genius." From the examples, however, which he produces, it is plain that many of them are a very different kind of article from that which mankind in general would agree to regard as witty. Extraordinary wit is always genius, but extraordinary genius is not always wit. The excellence of Mr. Grattan's character of Lord Chatham, of the replies of Thales, and of the sayings of Anacharsis, does not surely arise from their wit. We might as well call Venice Preserved a witty tragedy, or Mr. Kett's "Elements of general Knowledge" a ludicrous performance. Such a misapplication of terms never could come within his intention. He has, we suspect, been misled by the scholastic nature of his pursuits, and, as sometimes happens, carries the dialect of the college into the club room. On this ground we forgive him; and we own that when a serious divine comes up to one smiling,

or trying to smile, one ought not to be severe. We proceed to the more agreeable statements of his merits.

And in the first place, we must state, that this seems the most pure of all collections of this description. It might be read aloud without offending the chastest ears. There is not in it a vestige of that *double entendre* which is perhaps more pernicious from the flimsy veil with which it is covered. All the gratification to be derived from this book is unmixed. And to have made men happier without making them worse, is to have become a benefactor of the species.

Another peculiar advantage of Mr. Kett's work is of no small importance. His jests are not likely to be too often repeated. Few things of the kind are more annoying than to hear half the contents of a new collection of witticisms retailed by some gentleman who bears the reputation of a wag, under pretence that the circumstances occurred among his own acquaintance. This will not do here. The words of Aristides, Augustus, and the sages of Greece, will not suit the mouth of every modern talker. The magnanimous resolutions and exploits of ancient heroes will be mere jargon at a civic feast. In truth, most of the jokes with which Mr. Kett treats us, are too venerable to be lightly repeated.

VOLTAIRE.

"The following was the most apt and brilliant allusion he ever made. It would perhaps be difficult in all the annals of wit to find an instance that surpasses it. Voltaire said many flattering things of a celebrated writer, probably Boileau. He set, however, a much higher value upon his 'Art of Poetry,' than upon his 'Poems.' 'He resembles Moses,' said Voltaire, 'who pointed out the promised land to others, but never reached it himself.'"

"He was the grand corrupter of the French; and with all his pretended freedom of expression, he flattered every king and every vice of his age. He knew not how to strike at superstition without wounding morality; unlike Hercules, who transfixed the Centaur without hurting the beautiful Deianira. With his *eternal sardonic smile*, he has bequeathed us a shameful pyrrhonism and a cruel levity, which make us glide alike over virtues and vices." (Nouveau Tableau de Paris, par Mercier.)

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

"One day in the house of commons, a speaker in opposition to ministry and famous for his long harangues, had been upon his legs nearly two hours, inveighing against sir Robert's measures. He was silenced for several days, by sir Robert telling the following story. 'A short time ago,' said the premier, 'I was travelling in the west of England with two ladies and a gentleman. Our carriage was in very good repair, the roads were very smooth, and the coachman was an expert driver. One of the ladies, however, appeared to be greatly terrified, crying out every minute, we should be overturned, or, the carriage would certainly break down. This language she held for several miles, whilst

I endeavoured to prevail upon her to lay aside her apprehensions, assuring her that we were in no danger whatever, that we were travelling in the greatest security imaginable, and that all her fears were entirely groundless. At length the gentleman, her brother, burst into a violent laugh, saying, his sister knew perfectly well we were safe, but having a melodious voice, and a fluency of words, she was very fond of hearing herself talk:" and sir Robert concluded with observing, "that several gentlemen in the opposition exactly resembled the lady he had mentioned; for though they must be convinced that the state vehicle was in perfectly good repair, and was well conducted, yet they were so fond of hearing themselves harangue, that they seized every opportunity of indulging their loquacity, at the expense of their judgment."

BOTANY BAY.

"Some years ago, one of the convicts in Botany Bay wrote a farce, which was acted with great applause at the theatre in Port-Jackson. The noted Barrington furnished the prologue, which he ended with these lines:

"True patriots we; for be it understood,
We left our country,—for our country's good."

CLASSICAL APPLICATIONS.

"Two Oxford scholars being at a loss for amusement, one said to the other "Suppose we cap verses." "No," said his companion, "for I should think that as dry work as chopping logic. Suppose we repeat, in the alternate style of Virgil's shepherds, all the ingenious applications we can recollect of passages in the Classics that have been made to modern subjects." "Agreed," said the other, "provided we do not alter the original text, nor pilfer from Jortin or Beresford."

A. It was aptly said of a barber shaving, as Virgil said of a flying dove, *Radit iter liquidum.*

B. What think you of the skaiter, who, like Fame,
Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.

A. Sadler going up with his balloon, may be supposed to exclaim.

*Tentanda via est, qua me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.*

B. George Huddesford prefixed this motto to his verses on a favorite cat:

Mi-cat inter omnes.

A. If it be fair play to assail me with a pun, take another in return. A friend of ours not long ago gave wine to a party. They expressed their dislike of his port; so he told them, if they would have patience, he would go to his cellar and fetch them some wine they would like better. After they had waited some time, he returned with some claret, which they pronounced to be excellent. A wag who was present said, "Our host reminds me of old Fabius Maximus, who

"...Cunctando restituit rem:

Ergo magisque magisque viri nunc gloria claret."

B. Tom Warton prefixed this motto to his 'Companion to the Guide and Guide to the Companion':

Tu mihi dux comiti, tu comes ipsa duci.

This line seemed so exactly to correspond with the title, that wagers

were laid Tom Warton was the author of it. The sceptics lost their bets, for it occurs in Ovid's Epistle of Hypermnestra to Lynceus.

A. If you quote mottoes, I will pay you in your own coin.

Malone published a pamphlet to prove that the manuscripts produced by Ireland and attributed to Shakespeare were gross forgeries. Malone inserted in his title-page a part of the description which Virgil gave of the impious Salmoneus, and applied it to Ireland with singular felicity:

*Demens, qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen,
Ære et cornipedum sonitu simulárat equorum!*

B. Dr. Joseph Warton made a good hit, when he heard that John the Painter was going to be executed on board the Arethusa frigate. "John, said the doctor, "may adopt the invocation of Virgil:

Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem."

A. Felix Vaughan, an able barrister, was supposed to be implicated with Horne Tooke, Hardy, and others, who were afterwards tried for high treason. This matter was canvassed by the privy-council; and when it was ascertained that Felix Vaughan had cautiously stopped short of the risks which others had run, Mr. Dundas exclaimed,

Felix, quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum!

B. You recollect to whom Tibullus addressed the following beautiful lines. Louis Racine may be said to have consecrated them; he was a pious Catholic, and applied them to his crucifix.

*Te spectem suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.*

A. I have kept back the application of a passage, as my *corps de reserve*, which I think will put you *hors de combat*. It is unquestionably the happiest allusion I ever met with.

You have doubtless heard of the famous cardinal Poole, archbishop of Canterbury. Sandolet, a learned man, advised him to apply himself to the philosophy of the ancients, giving it the preference to all other studies. "At the period," said the cardinal, "when the world was obscured by the darkness of Paganism, the philosophy you recommend did certainly excel all other pursuits; but since the mists of ignorance have been cleared away by the bright beams of the Gospel, Christian knowledge, derived from the study of the holy Scriptures, has justly gained the preference; in short, the Pagan philosophy you so much admire is now exactly as Tenedos was described by Virgil:

..... *Notissima fama
Insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant;
Nunc tantum sinus, et statio malefida carinis."*

The editor's more important cares have allowed some inaccuracies to escape him. Mrs. Siddons is called the "modern Thalia," (Vol. ii. p. 49.)—If Count Zenobio's "fondness for Bonaparte" (vol. ii. p. 103) be meant ironically, the jest will not be felt by every reader.

On the whole we think favorably of this publication; and recommend it as well calculated to afford rational amusement, with improvement of both an intellectual and a moral kind.

ART. V. *Some Remarks on the Unitarian method of interpreting the Scriptures, as lately exhibited in a publication under the ASSUMED title of an IMPROVED Version of the New Testament : to which are added Considerations on the manner in which the Gospel should be preached to be rendered effectual to its intended purpose. Partly delivered in a Charge, in June, 1815. By the Rev. CHARLES DAUBENY, Archdeacon of Sarum. 8vo. Rivingtons, 1815. pp. 65.*

THIS tract furnishes an antidote to two very opposite, although common and dangerous errors—*Unitarianism* and *Calvinism*. The first teaches a sort of philosophical infidelity, which tends to destroy all the peculiar doctrines of Christianity : the second inculcates a species of heartless quietism, which in reality exempts men from the absolute duty of *endeavouring* to perform their part of the conditions, which the Almighty has been pleased to hold out, as the terms on which he will impart to us justification through the merits of him by whose name alone man can be saved.

The circumstances which have given rise to this book of Mr. Daubeny's, are these. The present Bishop of London had, in his primary charge, given a brief, but very comprehensive sketch of the present circumstances of the church, in which, among other things, the great increase of Unitarianism drew his attention : reviewing the principal peculiarities of their tenets he maintained, that they bore a strong analogy to those of Deism. This charge was of course denied by the Unitarians : and the bishop was assailed in a large pamphlet of "Letters" by Mr. Belsham ; if not a distinguished, yet a zealous writer, in favor of Unitarianism. This was not done in the most ingenuous manner, for, as Mr. Daubeny has demonstrated, the "Letters" are replete with evasions of the point at issue ; nor yet in the most respectful manner, as is apparent from the motto, ποιον τον μυθον ειπας ; which, when translated into plain English, means, "what sort of a lie have you been telling?" May we be permitted to advise Mr. B. in the next edition of his "Letters," to translate his motto for the benefit of such of his Unitarian brethren as may not have made the Greek language their study.

If the Unitarians be wise, they will suffer the controversy to remain in its present state ; since every endeavour they use to relieve themselves from the weighty charges brought against them, only seems to involve them in greater difficulties. They have already been laid in the dust of the literary arena, where they had expected to receive *doctarum hederas præmia frontium*.

The question is thus stated by Mr. Daubeny :

"If the doctrine of Unitarianism be Christianity, the doctrine of the Church of England most certainly is not. One side or the other then must necessarily give way; for the *Unitarian God of reason* and the *Christian God of Revelation*, cannot both stand on the ground of the same divine word. 'If,' as a Unitarian¹ has justly observed, 'the proper humanity of Christ be once established, the commonly received doctrine of atonement falls to the ground.'"

With regard to the doctrine of Christ's divinity, of course we cannot, in treating with an Unitarian, content ourselves with simply asserting that it is scriptural, and therefore true, because he denies the position altogether: but we may content ourselves with challenging him on two texts, which, even according to the Unitarian exposition, must prove the doctrine. The first is John, v. 23. "all men shall honor the Son even as they honor the Father." "He that honoreth not the Son, honoreth not the Father which hath sent him." The question here to be asked is, how are we to honor the Father? Let Christ answer the question; "thou shalt *worship* (προσκυνῆσεις) the Lord thy God,"² "pray to thy Father which is in secret."³ But he also says, "him only shalt thou serve."⁴ Still, however, are we to honor the Son in a similar manner: Christ, therefore, can be no other than God. It is in vain to urge, as has been sometimes done in reference to other passages, where Christ is called ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ Θεοῦ, or υἱὸς Θεοῦ, that here Christ is said to be the Son (of God) in the same sense in which virtuous men are sometimes called the children of God; because it is said, that "the Father hath committed all judgment unto the Son,"⁵ which he hath not done to virtuous men; and because it never could, as the Socinians themselves will maintain, have been commanded, to honor virtuous men, even as we honor God. The other passage is John, x. 30. "I and my Father are one," or as the Greek words should be rendered, "I and *the* Father are one." Even if this passage be explained of *unity of consent*, as has been done by Schleusner,⁶ it will still prove the divinity of Christ. Mr. Belsham has, in a former work,⁷ represented

¹ Mr. Belsham. Mr. Daubeney has not given any reference to the part of Mr. B.'s works where this passage is to be found: this we particularly mention, because accuracy and minuteness of reference, is the only point in which Mr. D.'s admirable work is deficient: owing to which we have not been able to find passages in Mr. Belsham's works, which are voluminous. But this is among writers in general a very common fault.

² Matt. iv. 10. ³ Ib. vi. 6. ⁴ Ib. iv. 10. ⁵ John, v. 22.

⁶ Lexicon Gr. Lat. in Nov. Test. Lips. 1808. voc. Eī.

⁷ *Calm Enquiry into the person of Christ*, p. 447.

the "promised Messiah as a man constituted in all respects like other men, subject to the same infirmities, the same ignorance, prejudices, and FRAILTIES;" he elsewhere doubts whether Jesus was "through life wholly exempt from the errors and FAILINGS of human nature."¹ This very doctrine, which, while it attempts to degrade the character of our Lord, admits that human nature is corrupt, furnishes us with an application of our argument. If Jesus Christ were such as he is represented above, his purposes and his will could not be the same with those of God: because God is a being infinitely wise, while the spirit of man is ignorant; because God is holy, while man is corrupt; because God hates iniquity, while man loves it. But Christ and God are here said to be one in consent: it therefore follows that Christ is not a mere man, but God.

We do not here appeal, as we might, to St. John, who says that "the word was God;"² that "God gave his only begotten son;"³ or to St. Paul, who tells the Hebrews, that "God hath spoken unto us by his Son, by whom he made the worlds:"⁴ that "he saith," of him, "let all the Angels of God worship (προσκυνησατωσαν) him."⁵ Nor do we cite Ignatius, a cotemporary of the Apostles, who must have known what their doctrine was, and who says,⁶ Δοξαζω Ιησουν Χριστον τον Θεον: 'Ο—Θεος ημων Ιησους ο Χρ. εκυφορηθη υπο Μαρίας:⁷ and who entreats the Romans⁸ to permit him, μιμητην ειναι του παθους του Θεου. Eusebius tells us⁹ that the first person who denied the divinity of Christ, was one Theodotus, a tanner, who seems to have done it from the basest motives;¹⁰ and was in consequence ταυτης της αρνησιθου Αποστασιας, excommunicated by Victor; he also informs us that Justin, and Miltiades, and Tatian, and Clemens, all believed in the divinity of Christ.¹¹

On the doctrine of Atonement, we might perhaps assume the

¹ Daubeny's Remarks, p. 42. ² John, i. 1.

³ Ib. iii. 16. ⁴ Heb. i. 1, 2.

⁵ Ib. i. 6. For some able remarks on this subject, see Pretyman's Elements of Christian Theology, vol. ii. p. 116. sqq. ed. 1800.

⁶ Epist. ad Smyrn. §. 2. p. 20. edit. Oxon. 1703.

⁷ Ad Ephes. § 19. p. 52. ⁸ Ad Roman. § 7. p. 96.

⁹ Hist. Ecclesiast. l. v. c. 28. p. 252. ed. Reading.

¹⁰ Note b. to Euseb. p. 252. or Tertullian de præscr. adv. Hæret. c. 53. p. 405. ed. Paris, 1598.

¹¹ For more testimonies concerning the faith of the Primitive Church, see Knowles's Primitive Christianity, Bishop Horsley's Tracts in Controversy with Dr. Priestley, passim; and Pretyman's Elements of Christian Theology, vol. ii. p. 134.

reverse of Mr. Belsham's argument; and say, that if the proper divinity of Christ be once established, the doctrine of Atonement follows of course: but as the subject has been of late admirably treated, we content ourselves with referring the reader to Prettyman's *Christian Theology*,¹ and Dr. Magee's *Discourses on Atonement and Sacrifice*, besides Bishop Pearson's inestimable work on the Creed. On the importance of the doctrine of the Atonement, we may perhaps be permitted to transcribe a passage of the late Bishop Horsley's Sermon on Rom. iv. 25. in which, however, we have been anticipated by the Archdeacon.

"This doctrine of Atonement, by which the repenting sinner may recover, as it were, his lost character and innocence, and by which the involuntary deficiencies are supplied of his renewed obedience, is so full of comfort to the godly, so soothing to the natural fears of the awakened sinner's conscience, that it may be deemed a dreadful indication of the great obduracy of men, that a discovery of a scheme of mercy, which might have been expected to have been the great recommendation of the Gospel to a world lost and dead in trespasses and sins; the means of procuring it an easy and favorable reception, should itself have been made the ground of cavil and objection. And it is a still worse symptom of the hardened hearts of men, if among those who profess themselves disciples of a crucified Saviour, any may be found who allow no real efficacy to that blood which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel."—pp. 17, 18.

To return to the charge of infidelity which has given rise to this discussion: Mr. Belsham, in his fourth Letter to the Bishop of London, has the following words. "There are three of the criteria which your Lordship mentions, of which, to whomsoever they may apply, I should without hesitation admit that they are certain marks of unbelief in the Christian Revelation. These are, "*bold*, and your Lordship must no doubt mean, *wilful*, perversions of the Christian Scriptures"—"indecent insinuations against the veracity of the inspired writers,"—and "*disrespectful reflections* on the person and actions of their Saviour." "Persons who are really liable to these charges, and against whom they may be proved, *are not Christians*."

To perceive that the Unitarians must, in the fullest extent, plead guilty to these charges, the reader need only turn to a very ingenious and learned work of Dr. Laurence's, the present Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford;² to Mr. Daubeney's *Remarks*;³ and to Mr. Belsham's own *Calm*

¹ Vol. ii. p. 146. sqq.

² *Critical Reflections on some important Misrepresentations contained in the Unitarian Version of the New Testament*, 8vo. Oxford, 1811.

³ p. 48—59.

Enquiry.¹ He will find that they reject the account of our Saviour's miraculous birth, for no better reason, than because it was omitted in the copies of certain early heretics, against whose opinions it directly militated, and who were proverbial for rejecting what did not fall in with their peculiar opinions; they having, like the Unitarians, formed a system of theology of their own—in aid of which the Bible was brought only when it could be done successfully. In this manner, and for this reason, some rejected the Epistles of St. Paul, and others the whole Old Testament, besides interpolating innumerable passages of what they retained. Dr. Marsh, however, has given complete proofs that these passages are genuine.²

Now "faith and infidelity are correlative terms. By faith we understand, the belief of things revealed on the testimony of the divine word. By infidelity consequently must be understood, the rejection of such belief on such testimony."³—The premises being thus established, the consequence follows of course.

But while we oppose those, who reject the doctrine of salvation by the merits of Christ, unassisted by our own efforts and works; we must equally resist those who deny the necessity of our working together with God, by performing our part of the conditions of the Christian Covenant. Here, however, we must request not to be misunderstood. When we speak of performing our part of the Conditions, we do not mean to convey the idea of the absolute merit of good works; and when we talk of our working together with God, we do not intend to say, that our working is the cause of our salvation. We merely maintain the scriptural doctrine, that "not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that *doeth* the will of the Father which is in heaven."

The scriptural doctrine appears to be this: that we are saved or justified solely through the grace of God, for the merits of our Lord, and not for our own works or deserts. But at the same time there are certain Conditions proposed to us, namely, repentance, faith, and obedience, which if we accept and conform to (and not otherwise) God will justify us, by making us

¹ Pp. 447. 451.

² Notes to his Translation of Michaelis's Introduction to the New Testament, vol. iii. pt. ii. pp. 130. 137. 140. and Lectures in Divinity, pt. ii. p. 55. 8vo. Cambridge, 1811.—See also Professor Rau's *Symbolæ ad questionem de authenticâ i. et ii. cap. Evang. Matthæi discutiendam*. Erlanga, 1793.

³ Daubeny's Remarks, p. 39.

partakers of the benefits of the death of Christ. Archdeacon Pott has set this matter in so clear a light,¹ that the reader will readily pardon us for delivering our notions in his words.

“The holy Baptist preached repentance, for none can be disciples of the Christian school, but such as will forsake their sins. Our Lord, when entering on his ministry, preached repentance and faith, saying, ‘the time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye, and believe the Gospel.’ The same teachers instruct us how to build upon these foundations: accordingly, the Baptist says, ‘bring forth, therefore, fruits meet for repentance;’ for no one can continue Christ’s disciple, but such as will keep the precepts of their Master. Our Lord to the same effect declares, that ‘every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down, and cast into the fire:’ and in that solemn charge and commission which he gave to his Apostles, he says, ‘go ye, therefore, and teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.’ St. Paul unites the several parts of the Condition, and declares at once the order and the substance of it, when he relates to King Agrippa, that his preaching ‘both to the Jews and Gentiles was, that they should repent, and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance.’—The baptismal vow, the particulars of which are repeated when the Christian Covenant is renewed at the table of the Lord, presents the same terms, and sets forth the same general obligations.”

“The benefit of pardon, grace, and glory, will arise as the purchased blessings procured for us by the blood and merits of our only Saviour, though the grant of those gifts be suspended on Conditions, which are calculated to our best improvement, and graciously adapted to a state of trial or probation, consistent with our present circumstances and capacity. It will still remain indubitably clear, that those unspeakable advantages are procured for us by the Saviour’s merits, they are bestowed only for his sake, and purchased at a price to which we contribute nothing; though the same gifts be coupled with such terms as are inseparable from the nature of a state of trial, and from the moral character of man.”²

“Thus, then, it is one thing to be the only valuable Cause by which salvation is procured, and it is another thing to be the Condition upon which that gift is graciously bestowed. From the former, that is, from the meritorious Cause, we exclude not only our own works of every kind, but repentance and faith also. Under the latter, that is, under the Condition, we find repentance, faith, and obedience, to be constantly required.—The distinction here proposed, is not a nice or a subtle thing. The simplest man may understand the difference between the Cause and the Condition of his hope.”³

¹ Considerations on the General Conditions of the Christian Covenant, 8vo. London, 1805, p. 1.

² Considerations, p. 12.

³ Considerations, p. 13.—Respecting the error of the Church of Rome concerning this point, see the same work, p. 94: and for a complete demonstration that the terms *Condition* and *Merit* have no connection, see p. 109.

When our Creed on this subject is thus explicitly and distinctly stated, surely we ought not to hear the unjust and unwarrantable charge which is so generally brought against the established Church by rash and uncandid men, that we hold the abominable doctrine of *merit*, a doctrine which we dislike as much as can the strictest Calvinist. Indeed, the only difference between us on the *mere point of justification*, is, that they hold *faith* to be the only part of the Condition which it is necessary for us to perform; while we believe our part of the Covenant to be, repentance, faith, and obedience: in other words, while they perform what we consider merely a part, we endeavour to perform what we think the whole.—We close our reflections in the words of Mr. Daubeny.¹

“Whilst pressing the necessity of those works of righteousness, which under the Evangelical dispensation are expected from man, for the purpose of qualifying him for the salvation which has been freely provided for him, he” (namely, the preacher of the Gospel) “will of course, as a master in Israel, in conformity with the doctrine of our Church, completely ‘shut them out from the office of justifying.’”² In this view of the subject, the whole salvation of fallen man, from justification on his admission into a state of grace at baptism, through his successive sanctification by the Holy Spirit, to his final perfection in glory, will be uniformly represented as having its beginning, its continuation, and its ending, in Jesus Christ: ‘in whom, as we read, all the promises of God are yea and amen.’

“Should we indeed admit, that the works of righteousness required under the Gospel dispensation had been performed; for the performer of them to build his hope of salvation on the ground of his own personal merit, instead of placing it on the ground of that divine philanthropy, from which alone his title to it can be safely derived; is to tear up the foundation on which the Christian building stands. ‘Whereas,’ to use the words of the judicious Hooker, ‘the little part we have in holiness, it is, God knoweth, corrupt and unsound; we put no confidence at all in it; we challenge nothing in the world for it; we dare not call God to reckoning, as if we had him in our debt books; our continued suit to him must be, to bear with our infirmities, and to pardon our offences.’”

From all we have advanced, our readers will readily perceive the value of this Charge. We cannot, however, dismiss the subject, without wishing that it may be put into the hands of such as have not time or inclination to enter deeply into the controversies on which it treats. There can be no doubt but that it will occupy a distinguished place in the libraries of those, who are enabled, by leisure and opportunity, to study the subject in its different bearings; and who are well disposed to “fight the good fight of faith,” to “contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the Saints,” and to worship the God of

¹ Remarks, p. 30—1.

² See Homily on Salvation.

their fathers "in spirit and in truth," as delivered in the book of wisdom, which "came out of the mouth of the most High; and covered the earth as a cloud: which hath made doctrine to shine as the morning; and sendeth forth her light afar off: which will get from out doctrine as prophecy; and leave it to all ages for ever."

ART. VI.—*Chrestomathia Syriaca maximam partem ex Codd. manu scriptis collecta.* Edidit Gustavus Knös. Göttingæ. Small 8vo. pp. viii + 120 = 128.

WHEN we consider the great utility of the Syriac language, and also its extreme facility, we cannot refrain from expressing our surprise that it has not been more generally cultivated. While Hebrew has been carefully studied, and, to say the truth, very tolerably understood; and while the difficult and copious Arabic has been made the subject of deep and accurate investigation, the Syrian has received but a very small portion of attention, and its real merits seem to have been entirely overlooked: it appears to have been forgotten, that it was the vernacular tongue of the great founder of our faith: and critics of eminence have ransacked the Hebrew, and resorted even to the Arabic, for a solution of difficulties, which a very slight attention to the Syriac idiom would have removed. Such has been the case, at least, in our own country: in Germany, it is true, it has met with better treatment. It is there made a subject for public lectures, and is a principal object of study among the candidates for orders. Michaelis, in his valuable Introduction to the N. T.,¹ has shewn its utility to an interpreter of the N. T.: and he says;² "a knowledge of the Hebrew and the Syriac (under which latter language he includes the Chaldee,) on account of the Syriasms which are not to be learnt from the Septuagint, is absolutely indispensable."

In the Syriac tongue there are works, which may be very useful to any one who turns his attention to Oriental History. Such is the *Chronicon Syriacum* of Bar Hebræus, which was published by Bruns and Kirsch; and many more interesting passages of the same kind may be seen in Asseman's *Bibliotheca*

¹ Vol. 1. pt. 1. p. 135. Ed. Marsh. 8vo. Lond. 1802.

² Vol. 1. pt. 1. p. 179.

Orientalis Clementini—Vaticana.—To those, who, like ourselves, are strongly interested in every thing which concerns the history of the East, we do not hesitate to recommend the little work before us, which contains among other things the following:

- I. Fata Nestorianismi in Persia.
- II. Eliæ Episcopi Mukanensis Memorabilia.
- III. Sabarjesu Damasceni Scholarum in Persia reformatio.
- IV. Imperium Arabicum sub primis Caliphis propagatum.
- V. Martyrum Homeritarum Historia.
- VI. Jacobi cujusdam carmen de Alexandro Magno, metro Jacobitico conscriptum.

M. Knös gives, in his Preface, the following account of his undertaking:

“Carmina ad apographa Parisiensiâ accurate exprimenda curavimus, non nisi manifestis erroribus sublatis. Puncta ad finem versuum addita non omisimus, quamvis non semper indicent sensum esse finitum. Conservavimus etiam vocalium signa quamvis ea interdum sensui repugnare viderentur; diligenter caventes, ne quid temere mutaretur. Quæ vero incuria librarii forte fuerint omissa aut mutata, iis emendandis operam dabimus in libello, qui tum versionem latinam particularum ineditarum, tum notas criticas et philologicas continebit.” (Præfat. p. iv. v.)

M. Knös recommends to his readers the Syriac Grammar published by Professor Adler at Altona in 1784: here we confess that we cannot entirely agree with him. Adler was certainly an eminent scholar; and his work on the Syriac Versions is by far the most valuable treatise we have on the subject: but still the very reason, which induces M. Knös to recommend his Grammar, is the most powerful argument against it. It is very short, and contains scarcely any thing except the paradigms: but Michaelis in the preface to his own Grammar has shown, that a jejune grammar considerably retards the advancement of the pupil; and he makes it pretty plain that in six or even five months, a very respectable knowledge of Syriac may be gained by a student, “modo copiosam habeat et divitem grammaticam.”¹

We conceive it may be useful to give the following list of Syriac Chrestomathizæ:

J. D. Michaelis *Syrische Chrestomathie*, annexed to his *Abhandlung über die Syrische Sprache*. 8vo. Göttingen. 1783.

Selecta e Scriptoribus Syris, at the end of Adler's *Grammatica Syriaca*, Altonæ, 1784. 8vo.

¹ Præf. ad *Grammat. Syr.* p. 1. 4to. Halæ. 1784.

G. G. Kirsch *Chrestomathia Syriaca*, small 8vo. Hofæ, 1789.

Selecta e Scriptoribus Syris, annexed to Tychsen's *Grammatica Syriaca*, Rostochii, 8vo. 1793.

Whoever possesses the above, with the one now before us, will have a very complete and valuable collection. Several copies of Michaelis' *Syrische Chrestomathie* have been lately imported by Priestley in Holborn, and some of Knös by Boosey, near the Royal Exchange.

ART. VII.—*A Classical Tour through Italy*, exhibiting a View of its Scenery, its Antiquities, and its Monuments; with an account of the present state of its Cities and Towns, and occasional observations on the recent Spoliations of the French. By the Rev. JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE. 4 Vols. 8vo. Third Edit. Mawman. 1815.

WE consider some apology due to our readers for this tardy notice of a work so important as the present: for who does not feel his appetite for information sharpened by reading the title of "*A Classical Tour through Italy*"—that land of poesy and arts—the bare mention of which always awakens so many pleasing recollections? The epithet *Classical* sufficiently points out the character, and the object of the work—which is, to trace the resemblance between modern and ancient Italy, and to take for guides and companions in the beginning of the nineteenth century, the writers that preceded or adorned the first century of our æra. The author has, of course, made a free use of the incidents of ancient history; and has dwelt with complacency on the finer poetical descriptions. The severity of criticism might, perhaps, be disposed to censure his citations from the Latin poets and historians as too profuse; but it must be allowed that they are made judiciously, and seem to spring spontaneously from the soil he is treading.

In a *Preliminary Discourse* he offers a variety of interesting observations on architecture, medals, sculpture, painting, music, &c. chiefly intended for the information of young and inexperienced travellers. We cannot forbear an extract.

"Nations, like individuals, have their characteristic qualities, and these, like the features of the face, are more prominent and conspicuous in southern countries: and in these countries perhaps the traveller may

stand in more need of vigilance and circumspection to guard him against the treachery of his own passions, and the snares of external seduction. Miserable indeed will he be, if he shall use the liberty of a traveller as the means of vicious indulgence, abandon himself to the *delicious immorality* (for so it has been called) of some luxurious capital, and forgetful of what he owes to himself, to his friends, and to his country, drop one by one, as he advances, the virtues of his education, and of his native land, and pick up in their stead the follies and vices of every climate which he may traverse. When such a wanderer has left his innocence and his health at Naples; when he has resigned his faith and his principles at Paris; he will find the loss of such inestimable blessings poorly repaid by the languages which he may have learned, the antiques which he may have purchased, and the accomplishments he may have acquired in his journey."

The Tour opens with the author's departure from Vienna with Lord Brownlow (with whom he was travelling) and some other gentlemen. The reader is conducted from Munich to Saltzburgh, and after a view of the celebrated salt mines at this latter place, is led through a defile of the Alps to Inspruch. The passage of the Alps, in the way to Trent, affords Mr. Eustace an opportunity to display his powers of description, which, as the reader will have frequent opportunities of judging, are of no mean kind. In the second chapter we find the author at Verona, and with his description of this celebrated place, we will introduce him to our readers.

"Verona is beautifully situated on the Adige, partly on the declivity of a hill, which forms the last swell of the Alps, and partly on the skirts of an immense plain, extending from these mountains to the Appennines. The hills behind are adorned with villas and gardens, where the graceful cypress and tall poplar predominate over the bushy ilex and spreading bay tree. The plains before the city are streaked with rows of mulberry trees, and shaded with vines climbing from branch to branch, and spreading in garlands from tree to tree. The devastation of war had not a little disfigured this scenery, by stripping several villas, levelling many a grove, and rooting up whole rows of vines and mulberry trees. But the hand of industry had already begun to repair these ravages, and to restore to the neighbouring hills and fields their beauty and fertility. The interior of the town is worthy of its situation. It is divided into two unequal parts by the Adige, which sweeps through it in a bold curve, and forms a peninsula, within which the whole of the ancient, and the greater part of the modern city, is enclosed. The river is wide and rapid, the streets, as in almost all continental towns, are narrower than ours, but long, strait, well built, and frequently presenting in the form of the doors and windows, and in the ornaments of their cases, fine proportions and beautiful workmanship. But besides these advantages, which Verona enjoys in common with many other towns, it can boast of possessing one of the noblest monuments of Roman magnificence now existing; I mean its amphitheatre, inferior in size, but equal in materials and solidity to the Coliseum. . . . As it is not my intention to give an architectural account of this celebrated edifice, I shall merely inform the reader, in order to give him a general idea of its vastness, that the out-

ward circumference is 1290 feet, the length of the arena 218, and its breadth 129; the seats are capable of containing 22,000 spectators."

After passing through Padua, of whose public buildings and celebrated University an accurate description is given, our travellers embark on the Brenta, and arrive at Venice.

"The city was then faintly illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, and, rising from the waters, with its numberless domes and towers, attended, if I may be allowed the expression, by several lesser islands, each crowned by its spires and pinnacles, presented the appearance of a vast city, rising out of the very bosom of the ocean."

After enlarging on the beauty, the magnificence, and the glories of Venice, our author very feelingly laments, that liberty which raised these pompous edifices in a swampy marsh is now no more; that the bold independence, which filled a few lonely islands, the abode of sea-mews and cormorants, with commerce and an overflowing population, is at length bowed down into slavery. The cruelty of destroying a republic so respectable in history, he attributes to Bonaparte; and he inveighs with bitterness against the rapacity of the French, not only in robbing it of the most splendid monuments, but in breaking or disfiguring what they could not carry away.

"Highwaymen," exclaims Mr. Eustace with honest indignation, "highwaymen spare a seal, a ring, a trinket to indulge the feelings of the owner; housebreakers refrain from damaging furniture which they cannot carry away, yet such is the peculiar cast of this people, that their armies at Venice, in every town in Italy, and indeed in almost every country they have overrun, have uniformly added insult to rapacity, and have wounded the feelings, while they plundered the property, of the inhabitants."

Our author returned to Padua by the Brenta, and made an excursion to the tomb of Petrarcha at Arquato, a village situated among the Euganean mountains.

"His body lies in the churchyard of the village, in a stone sarcophagus, raised on four pillars, and surmounted with a bust. As we stood and contemplated the tomb by the pale light of the moon, we indulged the caprice of the moment; and twining a branch of laurel into the form of a crown, placed it on the head of the bust, and hailed the manes of the Tuscan poet in the words of his admirer:

'Deh pioggia, o venti rio non faccia scorno
All' ossa pie; sol porti grati odori
L'aura che'l ciel suol par puro e sereno.
Lascia le ninfe ogni lor antro ameno
E raccolte in corona al sasso intorno,
Liete ti cantin lodi e spargan fiori!'

ALESS. PICELOMINI.

Several of the inhabitants who had gathered round us during this singular ceremony, seemed not a little pleased with the whim, and cheered us with repeated Viva's as we passed through the village, and descended the hill."

Lago di Garda or Benacus, the river Mincius, and the promontory of Sirmio, are described with a classical enthusiasm peculiar to Mr. Eustace. Passing through Mantua, a name sacred to poetic recollection, our travellers pursue a circuitous route through Cremona, Placentia, Parma, and Modena, and reach Loretto. In the way thither a thousand beautiful passages of the Poets are happily illustrated by reference to the scenery of the spot. Mr. Eustace treats the legend of the *Santa Casa* at Loretto, with the contempt it justly merits; and when it is known that he is a Catholic clergyman, this mark of the liberality of his mind will entitle him to some admiration. Indeed the same unfettered spirit breathes throughout the whole work; and though he views every thing Catholic with enthusiasm, this enthusiasm never leads him into extremes, but imparts a character of warmth and earnestness which is every way desirable.

The neighbourhood of Placentia and the celebrated falls of the Velino furnish abundant matter for interesting description. But Rome is the promised land which is to repay our Author for all the toils of his peregrination; and we are induced to pass over much that might delight, between the Alps and this city, that we may expatiate amidst the monuments of ancient and modern renown by which it has been and is distinguished. At a few miles distance from Ostricoli, the Tiber first bursts upon the view of the travellers; and on the heights above Baccano the postillions stop, and, pointing to a pinnacle that appears between two hills, exclaim—"Roma!" That pinnacle is the cross of St. Peter's—the stately ornament of the Eternal City.

Our limits do not allow us to follow Mr. Eustace through the extensive range which he takes among the ancient ruins, as well as among the modern edifices, of Rome. He descends to the minutest particulars, so that to those who shall visit those memorable scenes, this work must prove invaluable. We cannot pass St. Peter's unnoticed—to do so would be impious.

"Alighting, we instantly hastened to St. Peter's, traversed its superb court, contemplated in silence its obelisk, its fountains, its colonnade, walked up its lengthening nave, and before its altar offered up our grateful acknowledgments in the noblest temple that human skill ever raised to the honour of the Creator. Next morning we renewed our visit, and examined it more in detail: the preceding day it had been somewhat veiled by the dimness of the evening; it was now lighted up by the splendours of the morning sun. The rich marbles that compose its pavement and line its walls, the paintings that adorn its cupolas, the bronze that enriches its altars and railings, the gilding that lines the pannels of its vault, the mosaics that rise one above the other in brilliant succession up its dome, shone forth in all their varied colours. Its nave, its aisles, its transepts, expanded their vistas, and hailed the spectator wherever he

turned, with a long succession of splendid objects and beautiful arrangement; in short, the whole of this most majestic fabric opened itself at once to the sight, and filled the eye and the imagination with magnitude, proportion, riches, and grandeur."

An entire chapter is devoted to a minute and elaborate description of the Basilica Vaticana, and to this succeeds an account of the pontifical service, the papal benediction, and the ceremonies in the holy week. We are much mistaken if, in England, the knowledge of these august rites will not be equally new to the Catholic and the Protestant. Before we extract a part of the description of these ceremonials, it may not be irrelevant to observe, that the traveller who enters a Roman church, and gazes on this "pomp and circumstance" of public worship, should conceive himself carried back to ancient times, and expect to hear the language and behold the stately manners of the Romans of the four first centuries. They loved parade and ceremony, and they introduced it into all the branches of public administration, whether civil, military, or religious. This taste was infused into Christianity as soon as it became the religion of the Empire, and with Christianity it has been transmitted to the moderns. Bishop Warburton has observed, that "it would be difficult to attend at a high mass performed by a good choir, in a great church, without sentiments of awe, if not of devotion." The following is Mr. Eustace's description of this rite, as performed by the Pope at the high altar of St. Peter's.

"The pontiff proceeds in great pomp through the chancel, and ascends the pontifical throne, while the choir chaunt the *Introitus*, or psalm of entrance, the *Kyrie Eleison*, and *Gloria in Excelsis*, when he lays aside the tiara, and after saluting the congregation in the usual form, *the Lord be with you*, reads the collect in an elevated tone of voice, with a degree of inflection just sufficient to distinguish it from an ordinary lecture. The Epistle is then read, first in Latin, then in Greek; and after it some select verses from the psalms, intermingled with Allelujahs, are sung, to elevate the mind and prepare it for the Gospel. The pontiff then rises, gives his benediction to the two deacons that kneel at his feet with the book of the Gospels, and, resigning his tiara, stands while the gospel is sung in Latin and in Greek; after which he commences the Nicene creed, which is continued in music by the choir. When the creed and the psalm that follows it are over, he descends from his throne, and approaching the altar, he receives and offers up the usual oblations of bread and wine, fumes the altar with frankincense from a golden censer, and then washes his hands; a ceremony implying purity of mind and body. He then turns to the people, and in an humble and affectionate address begs their prayers, and shortly after commences that sublime form of adoration and praise called the *Preface*, because it is an introduction to the most solemn part of the Liturgy, and chaunts in a tone supposed to be borrowed from the ancient tragic declamation, and very noble and impressive. The last words, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of armies,'

&c. are uttered in a posture of profound adoration, and sung by the choir in notes of deep and solemn intonation. All music then ceases, all sounds are hushed, and an awful silence reigns around; while in a low voice the pontiff recites that most ancient and venerable invocation which precedes, accompanies, and follows the consecration, and concludes with great propriety in the Lord's Prayer, chaunted with a few emphatical inflections. Shortly after the conclusion of this prayer, the pontiff salutes the people in the ancient form, 'May the peace of the Lord be always with you!' and returns to his throne, while the choir sing thrice the devout address to the Saviour, taken from the Gospel, 'Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.' When seated, the two deacons bring the holy sacrament, which he first reveres humbly on his knees, and then receives in a sitting posture: the anthem after communion is sung, a collect follows, and the deacon dismisses the assembly."

Before taking our leave of Rome we must acquaint the reader, on the authority of Mr. Eustace, that this unrivalled temple, the masterpiece of modern skill, was, during the late French invasion, made an object of avaricious speculation, and doomed to eventual and certain ruin. A company of Jews were ordered to make an estimate of the value of the metal on the outside and the inside of the building; but Providence graciously interposed. Before the abominable act of sacrilege could be committed, the French army, alarmed by the approach of the Allies, retired with precipitation; and St. Peter's still stands!

We hasten on with the author to the end of his journey. He is at Naples.

"Few scenes surpass in beauty that which burst upon me when I awoke next morning. In front, and under my windows, the Bay of Naples spread its azure surface smooth as glass, while a thousand boats glided in different directions over its shining bosom; on the right the town extended along the semicircular shore, and *Posilipo* rose close behind it, with churches and villas, vineyards and pines, scattered in confusion along its sides and on its ridge, till, sloping as it advanced, the bold hill terminated in a craggy promontory. On the left, at the end of a walk that forms the quay and skirts the sea, the *Castel del Uovo*, standing on an insulated rock, caught the eye for a moment; while beyond it, over a vast expanse of water, a rugged line of mountains stretched forward, and softening its features as it projected, presented towns, villages, and convents, lodged amidst its forests and precipices, and at length terminated in the Cape of Minerva, now of Surrentum. Opposite, and full in front, rose the Island of *Caprea*, with its white cliffs and ridgy summit, placed as a barrier to check the tempest and protect the interior of the bay from its fury. This scene, illuminated by a sun that never shines so bright on the less favoured regions beyond the Alps, is justly considered as the most splendid and beautiful exhibition which nature, perhaps, presents to the human eye; and cannot but excite in the spectator, when beheld for the first time, emotions of delight and admiration that border on enthusiasm."

We would willingly accompany the author in his excursions

to the tomb of Virgil, to the grotto of Posilipo, the Lago d'Agnano, and the voluptuous scenery of Puteoli, Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Pæstum; but, from want of leisure, we are forced to refer the anxious reader to the volumes themselves. On his return from Naples, Mr. Eustace revisited Rome; and this second view of the mistress of the world fills him with a veneration greater than that which he had before felt. He leaves Italy by the way of Florence, Leghorn, and Genoa. The picture which he draws of the neighbourhood of Florence is one of the happiest and best executed in the work. The Arno, Fæsolæ, Vallombrosa, and all that succession of enchanting scenery, which is supposed to have suggested to Milton his notions of Paradise, are painted with all that fervour and realizing accuracy of which Mr. Eustace is a master.

The tour is followed by a dissertation on Italy in general, and on the character of the Italians. We have to regret that many of our books of geography and travels are filled with declamations against Italian idleness, cruelty, and profligacy; and that these topics are instilled into the minds of youth, to the serious prejudice of their maturer judgments. Mr. Eustace enters with warmth into a defence of the Italian character and morals, and endeavours, not unsuccessfully, to counteract the effects of those gross misrepresentations. The work closes with an Appendix, which abounds with interesting particulars respecting the nature of the papal government, the domestic habits and public duties of the sovereign pontiff, and the functions and privileges of the body of cardinals. The following account is given us of the present Pope.

"Pius VII. is of a noble family, Chiaramonte by name, and became early in life a Benedictine monk of the abbey of *St. Georgio*, at Venice. His learning, virtue, and mildness raised him above the level of his brethren, and attracted the attention of the late Pope, by whom he was raised to the purple. His career in this splendid line seems to have been marked rather by the mild and conciliating virtues than by the display of extraordinary abilities; we accordingly find him esteemed and beloved by all parties, and respected even by the French generals, and by Bonaparte in particular. On the death of Pius VI, the cardinals assembled in conclave at Venice, and unanimously proclaimed Cardinal Chiaramonte Pope. We may easily conceive the joy of the people on this happy occasion. The scene was unusually splendid; but it owed its splendour, not to the opulence of the sovereign, but to the zeal of the subject. The guard that lined the streets and escorted the pontiff consisted of a numerous body of young patricians; and the triumphal arches and decorations were supplied by the Roman people; and the equipage of the pontiff himself was the voluntary homage of the generous *Colonna*, a prince truly worthy of the name of Roman. In fact, the Pope was personally as poor as the Apostle whom he succeeds, and like him, brought to his flock no-

thing but the piety of the pastor and the affection of the father. The Pope is of a middle stature; his eyes are dark, and his hair is black and curly; his countenance is mild and benevolent, expressing rather the tranquil virtues of his first profession, than the sentiments congenial to his latter elevation. However, it is whispered by those who are more intimately acquainted with his character, that he can, on proper occasions, display great firmness and decision."

We may be allowed to add, that since the above was written, a long train of personal grievances, and a protracted captivity by the orders of Napoleon, have called forth the latter qualities into exertion; and that the conduct of the pontiff has amply justified the expectations of his friends, and exhibited at once the determined man and the sincere Christian.

Mr. Eustace informs us

"That this Tour was undertaken in company with Philip Roche, Esq. a young gentleman, whose virtues, it was hoped, would have extended their influence through a long and prosperous life. But these hopes were vain, and the author is destined to pay this unavailing tribute to the memory of his friend and companion."

We are sorry to have to discharge a similar duty to Mr. Eustace himself, who died a short time since of a fever at Naples. He was about to return with the fruits of a *second Tour*, which the public will, in due time, enjoy, as well as the contents of several valuable manuscripts.

Of the production which we have just noticed with such satisfaction, we cannot but observe that, considering the subject as unconnected with the political feelings and occurrences of the day—and ushered into the world by a man till then unknown, except to a narrow circle of friends, no work ever experienced a more rapid diffusion, or procured for its author a more sudden and unexpected reputation. It exhibits an extensive acquaintance with classical and polite literature, and evinces a well cultivated and refined taste. But there is a spirit that breathes through the works of Mr. Eustace, which stamps a high value on them—a spirit of sound morality and Christian benevolence. His Letter to the Bishop of Lincoln is a satisfactory proof that, even in controversial writings, gentleness and candour may constantly prevail; that argument may be exempt from pedantry, and freedom of discussion untinctured with acrimony. Mr. Eustace was a native of Ireland, and a Catholic from conviction. Those who were so happy as to enjoy his confidence could not but perceive, that his religion was equally that of the heart and of the head.

"Sincere and undisguised in the belief and profession of the Roman Catholic religion, the author (Mr. Eustace) affects not to conceal, because

he is not ashamed of, its influence. Yes! he must acknowledge that the affecting lessons, the holy examples, and the majestic rites of the Catholic church, made an early impression on his mind; and neither time nor experience, neither reading nor conversation, nor much travelling, have weakened that impression, or diminished his veneration. Yet, with this affectionate attachment to the ancient faith, he presumes not to arraign those who support other systems. Persuaded that their claims to mercy, as well as his own, depend upon sincerity and charity, he leaves them and himself to the common Father of all, who, we may humbly hope, will treat our errors and our defects with more indulgence than mortals usually shew to each other. In truth, reconciliation and union are the objects of his warmest wishes, of his most fervent prayers: they occupy his thoughts, they employ his pen; and if a stone should happen to mark the spot where his remains are to repose, that stone shall speak of peace and reconciliation."

ART. VIII.—*Souvenirs d'Italie, d'Angleterre, et d'Amérique, suivis de Morceaux divers de Morale et de Littérature, par LE VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND.* 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1815.

IN a former number we had occasion to speak with approbation of M. Chateaubriand's *Essay on Ancient and Modern Revolutions*, and in our last we dwelt with no common satisfaction on his *Moral Tale of the Two Martyrs*. All the writings of this author evince a warm and vivid imagination, and are not less remarkable for their picturesque colouring, than for a train of energetic ideas, ingenious comparisons, and original turns of expression, which confer on them a peculiar charm. No writer of the present day has more completely attained the art of connecting literature with morals: this happy talent is displayed in every page of the *Beauties of Christianity*, and eminently prevails in the volumes before us. They contain a variety of interesting observations made during his tour through Italy, and his temporary residence in England and America; together with several detached Essays that appeared in the *Mercure de France*, before the unhappy period when the spirit of this respectable journal was perverted, and its influence employed to promote the despotic views of the French ruler.

It is always curious, and not unfrequently instructive, to hear a foreigner's observations on England and English manners. Let us listen to a remark or two of M. Chateaubriand's.

"Le principal défaut de la nation Anglaise, c'est l'orgueil, et c'est le défaut de tous les hommes. Il domine à Paris, comme à Londres, mais modifié par le caractère Français, et transformé en amour-propre. . . . Les passions, en général, sont plus dures et plus soudaines chez l'An-

glais ; plus actives et plus raffinées chez le Français. L'orgueil du premier veut tout écraser en un moment ; l'amour-propre du second mine tout avec lenteur. En Angleterre, on hait un homme pour un vice, pour une offense ; en France, un pareil motif n'est pas nécessaire. Les avantages de la figure, ou de la fortune, un succès, un bon mot suffisent."

The following portrait is coarse, but is it not correct ?

" Est-on ce qu'on appelle un *gentleman farmer*, on vend son blé, on chasse le renard ou la perdrix en automne, on mange l'oie grasse à Noël, on chante le *Roast beef of old England* ; on se plaint du présent, on vante le passé, qui ne valait pas mieux, et le tout en maudissant Pitt et la guerre, qui augmente le prix du vin de Porto ; on se couche ivre, pour recommencer le lendemain la même vie."

This harshness is amply atoned for, by the following pleasing description.

" L'éducation commence de bonne heure en Angleterre. Les filles sont envoyées à l'école, dès leur plus tendre jeunesse. Vous voyez quelquefois des groupes de ces petites Anglaises, toutes en grands mantelets blancs, un chapeau de paille, noué sous le menton avec un ruban, une corbeille passée au bras, et dans laquelle sont des fruits et un livre ; toutes rougissant, lorsqu'on les regarde. Quand j'ai revu nos petites Françaises coiffées à l'*huile antique*, relevant la queue de leur robe, regardant avec effronterie, frédonnant des airs d'amour et prenant des leçons de déclamation, j'ai regretté la gaucherie et la pudeur des petites Anglaises : *un enfant sans innocence, est une fleur sans parfum.*"

We are next presented with criticisms on the works of Young, Beattie, and Shakspeare ; and M. Chateaubriand's observations evince considerable critical acumen, and an intimate acquaintance with English literature. The following remarks on Young's Night Thoughts strike us by their novelty, as well as their justice.

" Avancez un peu dans ces Nuits, quand l'imagination, éveillée par le début du poète, a déjà créé tout un monde de pleurs et de rêveries, vous ne trouverez plus rien de ce que l'on vous a promis. Vous voyez un homme qui tourmente son esprit dans tous les sens pour enfanter des idées tendres et tristes, et qui n'arrive qu'à une philosophie morose. Young, que le fantôme du monde poursuivait jusqu'au milieu des tombeaux, ne décède, dans toutes ses déclamations sur la mort, qu'une ambition trompée. Point de naturel dans la sensibilité ; point d'idéal dans sa douleur. C'est toujours une main pesante qui se traîne sur la lyre."

We are sorry we cannot give the same praise to his criticism on Shakspeare ; amidst some just and original remarks, is mingled no small share of national partiality and unworthy prejudice. Racine is pronounced more natural than Shakspeare ; and it is considered as literary treason to place our dramatic colossus by the side of Corneille. Nay, were this all, we could forgive the partiality that dictated the opinion ; but when our author thinks proper to term the irregularities of Shakspeare's

genius *monstrosities*, and to brand the poet himself with the epithet of *Barbarian*, we must be cold indeed not to feel something like either indignation—or contempt.

In the portion of the work that relates to America, M. Chateaubriand informs us, that the object of his visit to that country was, to decide, by a land investigation, the great question of a passage from the South Sea into the Atlantic by the north. It is known that, in spite of the efforts of Captain Cook, and subsequent navigators, this point has always remained doubtful. Our author then proceeds to describe the plan of his journey. It was his intention to remunerate the savages for all he received at their hands; for, he adds with laudable feeling, "I would have renounced all ideas of traversing the deserts of America, if it would have cost the simple inhabitants a single tear." It was the author's intention to have set out directly towards the west, and, proceeding along the Lakes of Canada, to have explored the source of the Mississippi. Then, descending by the plains of Upper Louisiana as far as the 40th degree of northern latitude, he would have resumed his course to the west, so as to have reached the coast of the South Sea, a little above the head of the gulph of California. Following the coast, and keeping the sea always in sight, he would next have proceeded due north, and, if no new discovery had altered his resolution, have pursued his course to the mouth of Cook's Inlet, and thence to the river Cuivre in 72 deg. north lat. Such was the long and perilous journey which M. Chateaubriand proposed to his government to undertake for the service of his country, and indeed of Europe; but his government paid no attention to the overtures, and the project was abandoned. The journey which he performed in America, was therefore solely for his own amusement and information. He watched the manners of the savages with the eye of a philosopher and Christian, and his beautiful tale of *Atala* was the result. We regret that the description of the Cataract of Niagara is too long for insertion; never was that sublime scene painted with a more masterly and realizing pencil. We must, however, make room for the description of a night amidst the wilds and solitudes of these savage regions. He had joined a party of Indians, who were seated round their evening fire.

"La conversation devint bientôt général, c'est-à-dire par quelques mots entrecoupés de ma part, et par beaucoup de gestes, langage expressif que ces nations entendent à merveille. Un jeune homme seul gardait un silence obstiné; il tenait constamment les yeux attachés sur moi. Malgré son visage défiguré, on distinguait aisément la noblesse et la sensibilité qui animaient son visage. Combien je lui savais gré de ne pas

m'aimer ! Il me semblait lire dans son cœur l'histoire de tous les maux dont les Européens ont accablé sa patrie. La conversation mourut par degrés et chacun s'endormit dans la place où il se trouvait. Moi seul, je ne pus fermer l'œil ; entendant de toutes parts les aspirations profondes de mes hôtes, je levai la tête, et, m'appuyant sur le coude, contemplai à la lueur rougeâtre du feu mourant, les Indiens étendus autour de moi et plongés dans le sommeil. J'avoue que j'eus peine à retenir des larmes. Européens, quelle leçon pour nous ! Ces mêmes sauvages que nous avons poursuivis avec le fer et la flamme, recevant leur ennemi sous leurs huttes hospitalières, partageant avec lui leur misérable repas, leur couche inféquentée du remords, et dormant auprès de lui du sommeil profond du juste ! La lune était au plus haut point du ciel ; on voyait çà et là, dans de grands intervalles épurés, scintiller mille étoiles. Tantôt la lune reposait sur un groupe de nuages, qui ressemblait à la cime de hautes montagnes couronnées de neige ; peu-à-peu ces nues s'allongeaient, se déroulaient en zones onduleuses de satin blanc, ou se transformaient en légers flocons d'écume, en innombrables troupeaux errant dans les plaines bleues du firmament. Une autre fois la voûte aérienne paraissait changée en une grève où l'on distinguait les couches horizontales, les rides parallèles tracées comme par le flux et le reflux régulier de la mer. La scène sur la terre n'était pas moins ravissante ; le jour céruléen et velouté de la lune, flottait silencieusement sur la cime des forêts, et descendant dans les intervalles des arbres, poussait des gerbes de lumières jusques dans l'épaisseur des plus profondes ténèbres. L'étroit ruisseau qui coulait à mes pieds, s'enfonçait tour à tour sous des fourrés de chênes-saules, et reparoissait un peu plus loin dans des clairières tout brillant des constellations de la nuit. Au loin, par intervalles, on entendait les roulemens solennels de la Cataracte de Niagara, qui dans le calme de la nuit, se prolongeaient de désert en désert, et expiraient à travers les forêts solitaires. La grandeur, l'étonnante mélancolie de ce tableau, ne sauraient s'exprimer dans les langues humaines ; les plus belles nuits en Europe ne peuvent en donner une idée. Au milieu de nos champs cultivés, en vain l'imagination cherche à s'étendre, elle rencontre de toutes parts les habitations des hommes : mais dans ces pays déserts, l'âme se plaît à s'enfoncer, à se perdre dans un océan d'éternelles forêts ; elle aime à errer, à la clarté des étoiles, aux bords des lacs immenses, à planer sur le gouffre mugissant des terribles cataractes, à tomber avec la masse des ondes, et, pour ainsi dire, à se mêler, à se foudre avec toute une nature sauvage et sublime."

We shall close this article with an anecdote, which bears testimony both to the firmness of M. Chateaubriand's mind, and the integrity of his character. The late ruler of France employed every artifice to draw him into the circle of his slaves and sycophants, but in vain. He was, however, induced, after much persuasion, to become a member of the first literary body in France. He was obliged, in compliance with custom, to pronounce on his admittance, the funeral oration, or rather, the panegyric of his deceased predecessor, M. Chenier—always a task of great delicacy, and sometimes of considerable difficulty. It was peculiarly so, it seems, on the present occasion. The deceased academician had indulged in some philosophic invective.

tives against Christianity, and his successor thought himself obliged to notice and condemn his conduct in that respect. The friends of M. Chenier, knowing how much his memory had to fear from the eloquence of M. Chateaubriand, insisted that his speech should be communicated to the *Institut* before it was delivered. Our author was too high spirited to comply; and was therefore refused admittance as a member. The speech was secretly copied by all Paris; and in these volumes we are presented with it at full length. We must be allowed to make a few extracts. The comparison with which it opens, displays much ingenuity.

“ Lorsque Milton publia le *Paradis Perdu*, aucune voix ne s'éleva dans les trois royaumes de la Grande Bretagne, pour louer un ouvrage qui est un des plus beaux chefs-d'œuvre de l'esprit humain. L'Homère Anglais mourut oublié, et ses contemporains laissèrent à l'avenir le soin d'immortaliser le chantre d'Eden.

“ Est-ce là une des grandes injustices littéraires dont presque tous les siècles offrent des exemples?—Non. A peine échappés aux guerres civiles, les Anglais ne purent se résoudre à célébrer la mémoire d'un homme qui se fit remarquer par l'ardeur de ses opinions dans un temps de calamités. ‘Que réserverons-nous,’ dirent-ils, ‘à la tombe de celui qui se dévoue au salut de l'état, si nous prodiguons les honneurs aux cendres du citoyen, qui peut, tout au plus, demander une généreuse indulgence? La postérité rendra justice aux ouvrages de Milton; mais nous, nous devons une leçon à nos fils; nous devons leur apprendre par notre silence, que les talens sont un présent funeste quand ils s'allient aux passions, et qu'il vaut mieux se condamner à l'obscurité que se rendre célèbre par les malheurs de sa patrie.’ Imiterai-je, Messieurs, ce mémorable exemple, ou vous parlerai-je de la personne et des ouvrages de M. Chénier? Malheureusement les ouvrages du dernier, quoiqu'on y remarque le germe d'un talent distingué, ne brillent ni par cette simplicité, ni par cette majesté sublime: ses écrits portent l'empreinte des jours désastreux qui les ont vu naître. Trop souvent dictés par l'esprit de parti, ils ont été applaudis par les factions.”

This speech, which by its awakening eloquence and intrepid spirit, quite astonished the *Institut* and the government, (for every body read it), closes with the following powerful appeal to the feelings.

“ Ici, Messieurs, finit la tâche que les usages de l'académie m'ont imposée. Près de terminer ce discours, je suis frappé d'une idée qui m'attriste. Il n'y a pas long-temps que M. Chénier prononçait sur mes ouvrages des arrêts qu'il se proposait de publier; et c'est moi qui juge aujourd'hui mon juge. Je le dis dans toute la sincérité de mon cœur, j'aimerais mieux encore être exposé aux satyres, et vivre en paix dans la solitude, que de faire remarquer par ma présence au milieu de vous la rapide succession des hommes sur la terre, la subite apparition de cette mort qui renverse nos projets et nos espérances, qui nous emporte tout-à-coup et livre quelquefois notre mémoire à des hommes entièrement opposés à nos sentiments et à nos principes. Cette tribune est une

espèce de champ de bataille où les talens viennent tour à tour briller et accourir: que de génies divers elle a vu passer! Corneille, Racine, Boileau, La Bruyère, Bossuet, Fénelon, Voltaire, Buffon et Montesquieu! Qui ne serait effrayé, Messieurs, en pensant qu'il va former un anneau dans la chaîne de cette auguste lignée! Accablé du poids de ces noms immortels, ne pouvant me faire connaître à mes talens pour héritier légitime, je tâcherai du moins de prouver ma descendance par mes sentiments. Quand mon tour sera venu de céder une place à l'orateur qui doit parler sur ma tombe, il pourra traiter sévèrement mes ouvrages; mais il sera forcé de dire que j'aimais avec passion ma patrie, que j'aurais souffert mille maux plutôt que de coûter une seule larme à mon pays, que j'aurais fait, sans balancer, le sacrifice de mes jours à ces nobles sentiments, les seuls qui donnent du prix à la vie, et de la dignité à la mort."

ART. IX.—*The Universal Cambist and Commercial Instructor; being a general Treatise on Exchange; including the Monies, Coins, Weights and Measures of all trading Nations and Colonies: with an account of their Banks and Paper Currencies.* By PATRICK KELLY, LL. D. Master of the Academy in Finsbury Square, London; and Author of different works on Book-keeping, Exchanges, Spherics and Nautical Astronomy. 2 vols. 4to. Pr. 4l. 4s. London: Lackington and Co.

AMID the variety of books laid before us for the purpose of being noticed in the present number, is the one whose title we have just given:—a book already so well known to the public, that, although *to a new journal every thing is new*, yet we might have abstained from giving any direct account of it, had there not appeared something at once novel in its plan, and valuable in its contents and execution. Our sketch of the work shall, however, be as short and plain, as the detail of it is long and laborious.

To an English ear the title of the book sounds rather oddly, and without the author's explanation of its meaning, would be wholly unintelligible to most readers: there seems, however, to be good authority for it.

The word *Cambist*, he observes,

"which is made the title of this Work, may require some explanation, as it is of recent adoption in England, though long known on the Continent. *Cambis* in France, or *Cambista* in Italy, Spain, and Portugal, signifies a *Banquier* or Exchange Merchant. It is derived immediately from *Cambio*, which, in Italian, Spanish, and other modern languages, means Exchange, and which comes from the Latin *Cambium*, Exchange; or rather from *cambio*, to exchange:—This, according to *Ainsworth* is derived from *Καταμίσσω*, per syncopen, *Καμίσσω*.

It may be further observed, that *Cambist* is not only a word of legiti-

mate derivation, but is also a term much wanted in the English language, as there is no other to express the same meaning, except Exchanger, which seems too general and indefinite."—p. i. note.

This treatise comprises almost every subject curious or useful relating to commercial transactions; and any one who thoroughly understands its multifarious contents, may be considered as already furnished with the knowledge the most essential to the mercantile profession. Dr. Kelly very truly remarks that there is no other complete treatise on this subject in the English language, and that the want of such a thing has been seriously felt and greatly deplored by many persons well acquainted with the commerce of the country. Sir John Sinclair in particular, in a passage selected from his *Letters to the Governor and Directors of the Bank of England*, not only asserts and laments the existence of this evil, but also points out the remedy. It was in consequence of the hints received from this public spirited gentleman, that the author of this work was induced to set about a translation of the *Hamburgh Contorist*, the only work which, in Sir John Sinclair's opinion, "explains the subject in a complete and satisfactory manner," and which is "a book of such merit and utility, that the city of Hamburgh have given the author a pension for writing it."

"In consequence of this suggestion, several proposals were made for translating Kruse; but none of them met with encouragement until the year 1804, when a Prospectus of the present publication was submitted to the Governor and Directors of the Bank of England, who approved of the plan, and patronized the work. Their example was immediately followed, in a most liberal manner, by a Court of Directors of the East India Company; and also by the Board of Trade, and by many of the first Mercantile Houses in London.

Several eminent merchants further engaged to assist the undertaking with such information as their experience might afford; and the Bank Directors likewise granted the author access to the Bullion Office, for the purpose of selecting coins; and permitted Mr HUMBLE, the chief of that office, to give such assistance as his extensive knowledge of monies enabled him to bestow—a permission which has proved of great advantage to the Work. At the same time Mr. BINGLEY, the King's Assay Master of the Mint, undertook to determine the weight and fineness of the coins; which he has gratuitously performed, with equal zeal and scientific accuracy.

In addition to these arrangements, the author employed an able mathematician and linguist to assist both in computing and translating; and established besides a foreign correspondence, in order to obtain the most authentic information. He likewise procured the most approved publications in different languages on the subject of his research; and though these works have been consulted and compared on every proper occasion, yet no articles of importance have been finally committed to the press, without the inspection and approbation of experienced merchants of the different countries to which those articles respectively related.—p. iii.

But though a good deal of what is contained in the present work has been extracted from the above-mentioned publication, it is not merely as a translator and an editor that Dr. Kelly has a claim to public approbation. Much will be found by the intelligent reader to be original, the fruit of his own unremitting diligence and laborious research. None but those who are well acquainted with the nature of the subject, can be fully aware of the immense labor and application which such a work demands; and consequently none but they can justly appreciate the merits of its author. The extensive information it required—the infinite number of books and persons of different nations and languages to be consulted—the continual caution necessary in order to avoid mistakes in the intricate calculations to which the construction of the tables and many other parts of the book, gave rise—together with the difficulty of making a proper selection from the apparently endless and often perplexing and contradictory materials which his researches might procure, and of making a proper arrangement of his materials when selected—this combination of alarming circumstances would have deterred any person of moderate industry and capacity from so arduous an attempt. The great expense also, necessarily incurred in the prosecution of a work so extensive, and composed of such costly materials, would have prevented most men from ever bringing it to a termination. On all these accounts the mercantile world are the more indebted to him, whose industry, talents, and opportunities have been found competent to an undertaking of such magnitude.

We transcribe one of the notes to the preface for the purpose of giving the reader some idea of the labor which the author must have undergone before this work could be completed.

“The following are the principal authors whose publications have been consulted in composing the present work. They are here classed under four heads: viz.

“*I. General Treatises. On Exchanges, Monies, Weights, and Measures.*

“Kruse of Hamburgh; Ricard of Amsterdam; Benaven of Italy, (*Caissier Italien*;) Marien of Spain; Gerhart of Berlin; and Dubost of London.

“*II. On Exchange only.*

“Corbaux, Ruelle, Giraudeau, and Reishammer of France; Senebier of Geneva; and Bewicke, Teshemacher and Bonhote of London.

“*III. On Coins only.*

“Bonneville of Paris, and Ede of London, on Coins in general; and on English Coins, Locke, Harris, Sir Isaac Newton, Lowndes, Snelling, Folkes, and Lord Liverpool.

“*IV. Works which have been consulted with advantage; especially on Weights and Measures.*

“Paucton's *Metrologie*; Postlethwayt's and Peuchet's *Commercial Dictionaries*; Oddy's *European Commerce*; Dr. Hutton's *Mathematical Dictionary*, and *Recreations*; and Dr. Young's *Lectures on Natural Philosophy and the Mechanical Arts*.

“Here it may be observed, that of late years the subject of Exchange has excited more than usual interest, and has undergone very able investigations and discussions, particularly in two Reports of Committees of the House of Commons, with their Minutes of Evidence: the first in 1804 on Irish Exchange, and the second in 1810 on the High Price of Gold Bullion.

“Numerous publications on the principles of Money and Exchange have followed the above Reports, chiefly by Lord King, Messrs. Thornton, Parnell, Forster, Wheatley, Smith, Ricardo, Musbet, Blake, Sir Philip Francis, Sir John Sinclair, Sir James Stewart, Mr. Huskisson, and Mr. Bosanquet; also by Messrs. Hill, Grenfell, Lyne, Cock, Atkinson, and Chalmers. To which may be added, occasional Dissertations on Political Economy in the *Edinburgh Review*.”—pp. iii, iv.

The more this work is circulated and read, the more will its utility and excellence be acknowledged, and the more readily will the claim of its author to the character of a public benefactor be allowed. It is useful as a commercial vade-mecum, as a book of reference on mercantile subjects, by the frequent consultation of which our less experienced men of business may become somewhat expert in their profession, and be protected from those hazards and frauds to which the unskilful are at all times liable. It is useful even to the most experienced merchants, inasmuch as it contains valuable and necessary information, which cannot be committed to memory, which does not often occur in the regular routine of business, and which is not to be found in any other single treatise; and all this is so arranged, that it can be resorted to with equal facility and precision. It may, in fact, with great propriety be called the *Encyclopædia Mercatoria*; and we do not hesitate to say, that it is such as to answer any reasonable expectation which the author may have formed, or the public entertained. Of many of the subjects discussed, it may be said, that in them it is impossible to arrive at entire freedom from error, unless the various nations of the world could be brought to agree more nearly than they do at present on certain points. “All therefore,” says our author,

“that can be expected from the most diligent research is an approximation to accuracy; and if the present tables be more correct than any that preceded them, (which it is presumed they are) an important step is gained. Some future author may approach still nearer to universal correctness; which, if at all attainable, can be effected only by the progressive and aggregate labor of many men, in many ages.—p. vii.

To this extract, in which the author modestly disclaims all

pretensions to infallibility, we will add another from the concluding paragraph of the preface in which he makes a kind of apology to the public, which we are sure will be kindly received.

"The labor and attention which this work required will not be easily estimated! nor should the number of years spent in the performance be ascribed to any neglect or unnecessary delay, but rather to diligent and persevering research, in collecting materials, procuring information, and comparing authorities. In short, where numerous corrections and additions were continually to be made, deliberation was indispensable: and in many cases even long delays proved highly advantageous. This was particularly experienced where foreign Merchants were to be consulted; and it should not be forgotten, that without their help, no Individual, however skilled in commercial science, could hope to succeed in so extensive and laborious an undertaking.

"The Author cannot conclude these remarks without expressing his most grateful acknowledgments to the many intelligent Merchants and other able and eminent persons who have honored him with their assistance in the progress of his work. He would also wish to mention their names and specify their important services, but the list would be inconveniently numerous, and might not be entirely approved. He begs only to add, that the valuable time and attention which they have so liberally bestowed, and the zeal which they manifested on the occasion, besides impressing him with gratitude, constantly stimulated him to new exertions to render the work worthy of such honorable aid and distinguished patronage. How far his endeavours have been successful, he now, with all due deference, submits to the decision of the Public." p. viii.

ART. X.—*An Essay on Immortality. By the Author of a Review of First Principles of Bishop Berkeley, Dr. Reid, and Professor Stewart. Longman, and Co. 1814.*

THE object of this tract is to illustrate the moral argument for the immortality of man, as grounded on the unequal distribution of human happiness. For this purpose the author forms a contrast between the two orders of beings, namely, that which is gifted with reason, and that which is guided by instinct; and makes an estimate of the comparative sum of happiness resulting in this life from the constitution of each. The result of his investigation is, that the advantage lies on the side of that order of beings which is endued with instinct; and, consequently, that whoever believes in the existence of an all-good and just Governor of the world, must take his goodness as the ground of assurance, that he would not have laid the greater load of misery on the superior order of beings, had they not been destined to some-

thing better than a mere earthly existence. The object is good, and the subject affords fair and ample scope for the exercise of an enlightened mind. What more pleasing office can there be than, by arguments drawn from the comparison of two different orders of beings, to urge the individuals of the higher order to virtue, and to a grateful consideration of the blessings prepared for them in a future state?

We are obliged to state, that the author is far from doing justice to the proposed subject. He speaks familiarly of Newton, and Locke, and other philosophers, but he seems an utter stranger to the habits of profound reflection, and close reasoning which distinguish their writings. Every page of his work bespeaks him a novice in the art of logic.

To attempt an analysis of a treatise of such a desultory, inconclusive nature as the present, would be a vain task. We shall therefore give only the outline of it—with a few quotations to convince the reader, that this author, who thinks himself competent to treat of the doctrine of immortality, has yet hit upon no certain method of ensuring immortality to the offspring of his own brain.

He divides his work into three parts; the first contains “considerations which tend to prevent a general comparison of *Human Life*, with *Instinctive Life*—considerations which have operated upon those who have noticed the comparative fact, and prevented them from applying it—a test of the ground of the present moral argument, and a general reason for the probation of man.” The second comprises, “the illustrative moral argument, containing a comparison of the two orders of minds—continuation and conclusion of the illustrative moral argument.” Part the third consists “of a due estimate of the happiness, or misery, of civilized man—and of the proximate design of creating man, as an order contradistinguished from Brutes.”

Such is the outline of the work; and if our readers can clearly discover its meaning, we shall give them credit for a sagacity which we do not possess. But if they are unable to make the discovery from the author’s plan, they may, perhaps, do so from his conclusion, which is as follows:

“In taking leave of my subject, I trust it may now be claimed with the fullest confidence,

FIRST.—That the proved amount of ANIMAL happiness diffused over the earth, is a vast manifestation of GOODNESS; which attribute, we find, is often disputed upon a view of the *Human species only*, and without proving which, no moral argument can exist.

SECONDLY.—That the result of the comparison of the two orders, is a moral indication far beyond the objections drawn from general laws; and

therefore, of vastly greater extent, or philosophical value, than can be furnished by *any view of the Human Species*.

Now to show this was the object of the undertaking!"

We will now give a few extracts from the body of the work :

"Accident," says this writer, "accident, which brings us upon so many new truths and opinions, has subjected to my actual observations in various parts of the world, a pretty extensive view of *free animal life*, under circumstances certainly very favorable to such a comparison as we are now considering. Had this experience been limited to any one district or country, I think it probable, it might not have led me to a *serious* comparison, any more than such an extent seems to do with people in general : but the local diversity of situations in which the facts have come under my view, has awakened the consideration of *generality* in this matter, and the extent of the whole has impressed my imagination much more deeply, than I think is likely to follow a man's observing only a small part of animal nature, and reading accounts of all the other parts."

One would imagine from this preface, that the author had made some important discoveries in the history of civil society or in the philosophy of the human mind. He has travelled much ; and the reader shall not be disappointed of a portion of the acquisitions made during his travels—none of which, however, tend in the slightest degree to illustrate the subject of which he treats. The second part opens in what we should think quite a *poetic style*, ill adapted, certainly, to a serious philosophic disquisition. He tells us, but doubtless does not suppose that any body will believe him, that "his theme is sober truth, and not poetic flight." The reader must determine the point.

"Scarce had Ocean gathered up his mantle vast, which whole the earth had erst o'erspread :—scarce had the earth a breathing time, to suck in store of nectar from the sun ; when man like some o'erladen jade impatient of the load, shook off his galling reason, and set up to *brew*. The scripture tale is simply told, and bears internal witness of the truth ; for so do men, e'en now, and ever since.—Thus mariners, from shipwreck haply snatched, fly straightway to red Bacchus coffers with a fixed resolve : nor joy they less to have from reason scaped, than now from fate. Cheated of their cares by magic poison, mark their witless gladness in their eyes,—those portals stern, where moody leaden Reason, watching sat. But Reason (*thanks to Reason*) ship-wrecked like ship, lies drown'd ; and they are *doubly free*. E'en Hell himself may roar, and Horror look aghast : they jeer the fun and crack rude jokes with Destiny : shaking bully Danger by the beard ; and teasing growling Fate, as 'twere a terrier's pup, full impotent as mad."

Attend now to his description of a shipwreck :

"How easy 'tis to cleave the yielding brine ! Hath no man marked the sea-pressed merchant, poring through the gloom of future with his care-fraught, beamless eye ? pent up in noisome vessel frail, and leaky prisoned close ; his fate bawled loud by ruthless elements, his melting hopes washed less by every wave : his dismal deep funeral knell beat heavy by

the murmuring billows on the body of his once stout bark, made now the groaning coffin of a gallant crew. None but Heaven can save him: nothing in his sight, but the capacious boundless arms of Proteus danger, now arrayed in foaming Ocean's form; embracing close, and to his horrid bosom pressing the affrighted ship. How oft at such an hour hath this poor human sport of elements beheld the playful porpoise rise, in myriad legions far as eye can reach. In saucy daring to the surface close, they slanted oft. Then *turning tail* in independence proud (to others giving place) were off again; as if in sportive mock at awkward man's distress." He speaks of "Adam's becoming wholesome drunk with pearly intellectual dewy nectar, shot in sun-beams warm from Eve's sweet April eye, as deep she drank the affection of her Lord."

But the reader must be tired of such effusions, and wonder that bombast like this should have been admitted into a volume bearing the imposing title of "*an Essay on Immortality*."

ART. XI.—*The Belgian Traveller, or a complete guide through the United Netherlands; containing a full description of every town, its objects of curiosity, manufactures, commerce, and inns; the mode of conveyance from place to place, and a complete itinerary of the intermediate country. To which is prefixed, a brief sketch of the history, constitution and religion of the Netherlands; the general appearance, productions and commerce of the country; and the manners and customs of the inhabitants.* By EDMUND BOYCE, Esq. translator of La-baume's narrative of the campaign in Russia. Embellished with a large map, and a plan of Brussels. London. Leigh, 1815. pp. 272. Pr. 8s.

THE splendid events of the late campaign in the Netherlands have rendered every thing respecting that part of the world peculiarly interesting, and as this little publication is calculated to introduce its readers to a tolerably intimate acquaintance with the component parts of that country, we should think that it will be a good deal called for. The title-page is so explicit that it forms a very good *table of contents*. We shall therefore do little more than merely give a short extract from the preface which will explain the author's views in writing, and the method in which he has proceeded.

"It has been the earnest wish of the author to render the present volume what it professes to be,—a complete guide through the kingdom of the United Netherlands.

"In addition to extensive and careful personal observation, he has availed himself of every authentic source of intelligence, and gratefully acknowledges considerable obligation to Mr. Syphorien's '*Voyage historique et pittoresque dans les pays bas*,' and the '*Itineraire complet de l'Empire François*.'

"The author has first given a concise history of the Netherlands, their constitution, religion, commerce, productions, character and manners, that the tourist may be enabled to form some general and correct idea of the people and country which he intends to visit. He then conducts his reader by the most practicable and pleasant routes, through the various provinces of the kingdom, noticing every object of curiosity, and even the most inconsiderable towns.

"The account of the various modes of travelling, the necessary cautions on the road, the principal inns at each town, the time at which the different stages and vessels start, the productions, manufactures, and commerce, of every place, and the complete table of coins, are important features of the work."

A knowledge of the particulars mentioned in the preceding extract will be desirable to all who turn their attention to the affairs of the Netherlands; but more especially to those who may at any time think of travelling through those provinces, or of residing in them. The volume is very small, which is a great recommendation of it. It is neatly printed; and the matter contained in it is both well arranged and clearly expressed. We ought by all means to add, that it contains, not only a good plan of Brussels, but a large map of the whole surrounding country, more accurately laid down and better executed than any that we had before seen.

ART. XII.—*On Gun-Shot Wounds of the Extremities, requiring the different Operations of Amputation, with their After-Treatment: establishing the Advantages of Amputation on the Field of Battle to the Delay usually recommended, &c. &c. &c. With Four explanatory Plates.* By G. J. GUTHRIE, of the Royal College of Surgeons, London; Deputy Inspector of Military Hospitals. 8vo. pp. 384. London: Longman. 1815.

THE peninsular war, while it has added so much to the glory of Britain, and led directly to the overthrow of French tyranny, has afforded an ample field for both the improvement and the display of chirurgical talent: and a vast debt of gratitude is due to the medical staff of our army, whose unremitting exertions have contributed much to the successes we have obtained; exertions which, in civil life, are little understood, and much too lightly appreciated.

The perusal of the present work will afford much gratification to the general reader, as well as the professional man, from the proofs it furnishes that the efforts of British surgeons in reliev-

ing the miseries necessarily attendant on war, have been as pre-eminent as the feats of their brethren in arms have been brilliant. The author has presented us with a valuable store of information, founded in an extensive acquaintance with the casualties of war—the melancholy effects of which he has been greatly instrumental in mitigating; and he has completely succeeded in laying down some important rules of practice on grounds which cannot again be disputed. He has principally labored to prove the necessity of early amputation in those injuries which, from their nature, evidently require the removal of the limb; and to point out the proper moment for the operation. His observations are highly judicious, and mark a thorough knowledge of the economy of the human frame.

“ During the course of the peninsular war, the success of amputations performed on the field of battle became so notorious, even among the soldiery, that the anxiety expressed by them to have these operations executed with as little delay as possible, has frequently been prejudicial; for as much attention must be paid to avoid operating too soon, as too late, and perhaps for a reason quite contrary to that usually received as legitimate for not operating, viz. that the sufferer may have time to recover from the shock of the injury, and approach as near as possible to a state of health; and the farther he is from this state of health, the greater the chance of a fatal termination. If a soldier at the end of two, four, or six hours after the injury, has recovered from the general constitutional alarm occasioned by the blow, his pulse becomes regular and good, his stomach easy, he is less agitated, his countenance revives, and he begins to feel pain, stiffness, and uneasiness in the part: he will now undergo the operation with the greatest advantage, and if he bears it well, of which there will be but little doubt, he will recover in the proportion of nine cases out of ten in any operation on the upper extremity, or below the middle of the thigh, without any of the bad consequences usually mentioned by authors, as following such amputations. If, on the contrary, the operation be performed before the constitution has recovered itself, to a certain degree, from the alarm it has sustained, the additional injury will most probably be more than he can bear, and he will gradually sink under it and die. At the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo I amputated a thigh in a convent close to the breach, within an hour after the accident, at the anxious desire of the patient, the leg having been destroyed by the explosion of a shell. There was not more than the usual loss of blood, or of delay in the performance of it; my patient did not, however, recover the shock of the operation, and at day-light I found him dead, without the bandage being stained with blood. At the battle of Salamanca I had two men brought to me during the action, laboring under great anxiety: one had his arm carried away close to the shoulder, and his breast considerably grazed by a cannon-shot; the other had the greatest part of the leg torn away close to the knee; this was about four in the evening. These men, like many others in the like situation, were particularly low, and the constitution seemed to sympathize more with the injury. They were laid in a ditch, without any covering over them, and a very small quantity of rum and water given them during the night. At day-light, five in the morning, they were much recovered, the countenance was less

ghastly, the pulse regular and good, the stomach not irritable, and what is of essential importance, the wound was becoming stiff and painful. The disposition for inflammation was forming, and would of course have been very great, from the laceration and incurable state of parts, if I had not prevented it, by removing the whole of the seat of the injury, leaving a clean, incised wound, the greater part of which healed by the first intention, with little comparative fever or constitutional derangement. Instead then of inflicting an additional injury on the original one, and increasing the general symptoms of irritation in those persons, I relieved them completely. They became calm, tranquil in mind as well as body, gradually recovered something more of their natural appearance, took some light nourishment and slept. If these men had suffered amputation when they first came to me, I think their recovery would have been less certain; and I have, under such circumstances, seen more than one case die on the table."

The following tables afford so fine an illustration of part of Mr. Guthrie's argument, that we offer no apology for making them more public.

" RETURN of the capital Operations performed at the Hospital Stations between the 21st of June and the 24th of December, 1813, of the Army under the Command of his Excellency Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington; being a period of Six Months, from the advance of the British Army from Portugal, until its establishment in winter-quarters in front of Bayonne.

	Number operated upon.	Of which died.	Discharged cured.	Under cure.
Amputation of the upper } extremities - - - }	296	116	105	75
Lower extremities - - -	255	149	65	41
Total number of operations	551	265	170	116

" The operations at the shoulder joint not included.

" RETURN of the Capital Operations performed in the same period on the Field of Battle, and for the most part kept in Regimental and Divisional Hospitals.

	Number operated upon.	Of which died.	Discharged cured.	Under cure.
Amputation of the upper } extremities - - - }	163	5	64	94
Lower extremities - - -	128	19	43	66
Total number of operations	291	24	107	160

" The cases marked 'under cure,' in both statements having passed the period of danger, are considered as recovered; and from this it will appear that the comparative loss, in secondary or delayed operations, and primary or immediate operations, is as follows:

	Secondary.	Primary.
Upper extremities - - -	12	to - 1
Lower extremities - - -	3	to - 1

" This difference is certainly very remarkable, and it is so well known to all the surgeons of the British army, as a constant occurrence, that there is no longer among them any doubt on the subject; and the following statement of operations performed on officers and soldiers, in consequence of the battle of Toulouse, will probably be even more satisfactory; as the medical duties, both in the field on the day of action, and in the hospitals afterwards, until the final evacuation of Toulouse, were more immediately under my observation and control.

" PRIMARY OPERATIONS in the FIELD of BATTLE.

	Number operated upon.	Of which died.	Cured.
Upper extremities	- 7 - - -	- 1 - - -	- 6
Lower extremities	- 40 - - -	- 8 - - -	- 32
Total of primary amputations	47	9	38

" Of the eight that died of amputation of the lower extremity, three were shortly after the operation, which was performed as high as possible in the thigh by the circular incision.

" SECONDARY OF DELAYED OPERATIONS in GENERAL HOSPITAL.

	Number operated upon.	Of which died.	Discharged, cured, or considered out of danger when transferred from Toulouse
Upper extremities	- 15 - - -	- 3 - - -	- 12
Lower extremities	- 36 - - -	- 18 - - -	- 18
Total of delayed or secondary amputations	51	21	30

By early amputation, in addition to the many advantages resulting from the operation, the injurious effects of crowded hospitals are in a great degree diminished. We are convinced that the benefits of this plan might be increased, by encamping a large portion of the wounded, when circumstances permit, near the scene of action. This might well have been done after the battle of Waterloo, the season being favorable to the experiment, and the victory so complete, as entirely to do away all risk of the field becoming again the scene of contention. We have no doubt but that the mortality would thus have been greatly diminished. For, although a considerable portion of the wounded recovered rapidly, it is a fact, that many of those who were obliged to remain several weeks in the hospitals at Brussels, fell victims to fever; and that almost all the operations which were performed at a late period proved fatal. Now this mortality arose, not from the nature of the injury, or from any want of skill or attention, but from the contaminated atmosphere, and the diseased habits always produced by a large num-

ber of wounded and unhealthy objects being crowded together. We do not speak this in the spirit of reproach. In this country abuses are always corrected by slow degrees. But when the injurious effects of a practice are so glaring as in the instance before us, the discontinuance of it becomes an imperious duty. On this subject we purpose to speak more at large hereafter.

It was hardly necessary for the instruction of the British surgeon to dilate on the advantages resulting from an attempt to heal wounds by the first intention; but as the author frequently alludes to the opinion of foreign writers, and as this volume will doubtless become a work of standard authority on the continent, diffuseness on this point is not an act of supererogation.

It is a fact, that from the adoption of contrary practice, the wounded French have been, beyond all proportion, longer in recovering under their own surgeons than under ours—so much so, that at Vittoria it became necessary at the end of several weeks to take those who survived, from the care of their own surgeons, and place them under the superintendence of the English. We shall not attempt to follow the author through the description of particular amputations, but refer the professional reader to the work, in every page of which he will find useful information.

Mr. Guthrie has deserved well of humanity by establishing, as he has done, the propriety and success of amputation at the hip joint. But here we must caution the young surgeon not to be led away by the *éclat* of operative surgery, so as to neglect the more numerous, though less conspicuous, duties of his department—duties more important, because far more frequently required. It is, indeed, to be lamented, that young men at public hospitals are apt to overlook the medical treatment, and to fancy that a proficiency in anatomy and surgery constitutes the whole knowledge of an accomplished practitioner. From this cause it has happened that the therapeutic treatment is at this moment much neglected in army practice—a circumstance which we have heard surgeons confess and lament. In this particular Mr. Guthrie's work will prove a corrective, as it furnishes many proofs of highly judicious medical treatment, and of the confidence he occasionally reposed in it.

The work is not without a few faults. But they are of little moment, and can easily be corrected in a future edition. The table of sick and wounded is unsatisfactory from the want of returns of the whole army; and the lists of sick in the hospitals appear immense, from the author's having omitted to note the number of times each patient was admitted.

ART. XIII.—*A New Conspiracy against the Jesuits detected and briefly exposed*; with a short Account of their Institute; and Observations on the Danger of Systems of Education independent of Religion. By R. C. DALLAS, Esq. 8vo. London. Ridgway. 1815.

WHY Mr. Dallas should give this title to his book is more than we can well conceive. We have heard of no new conspiracy against the Jesuits, nor does he tell us of any in these pages. It would be absurd to suppose that he alludes to the Voltairian school of theists and atheists, who have for so many years been resting from their labors. He cannot surely mean that those members of our parliament who oppose the unbounded claims of the Irish Roman Catholics, or that the sovereigns of Europe and their ministers, who lately sat in congress at Vienna, are conspirators against the Jesuits. After saying everything else, he gives us the following passage, from which it would appear that Sir John Coxe Hippisley, and somebody who once published a letter in a newspaper, are the guilty persons in questions.

“It is not to be denied, that the restoration of the order of Jesuits has excited alarm; for we already see a new conspiracy formed against it, possessing all the malignity, if not all the talent, or power, of the old one. But who are the persons alarmed? They can be only such as have a similarity of spirit and of views to those of the former enemies of the society (Sir John Hippisley nevertheless excepted, whose alarm must have a very different spring); men, who have already dared to warn the clergy of England against instituting schools, in which children are to be instructed in the national religion, because of the hostile feelings which will be excited between them and the children of the anti-church institutions; jacobinical philosophers, materialists, votaries of reason and eternal sleep, and, perhaps, some clergy, as before, of their own communion, whose interest may be affected, and who have not penetration and virtue enough to see and enjoy the motive and the justice of their restoration to religion and to letters.” p. 255.

One fact is universally admitted, that the order of the Jesuits was an engine in its structure, its mode of acting, and the force it possessed, at all times unequalled. Even its origin was singular. A man who had been bred in a court and accustomed to slaughter in the field, sought to satisfy his conscience by devoting himself to the austere duties of religious retirement; and in his privacy, laid the foundation of the order. Its power increased with astonishing rapidity; and it retained its influence for nearly three centuries, during which it sent forth into the world more men of learning and talents, imparted more human

knowledge, made more converts to Christianity ; but, at the same time, practised darker arts, spread deeper alarms, prompted to greater cruelties ; in short, from motives always suspected — sometimes suspicious, it achieved more good and perpetrated more mischief, than did any religious association ever known among Christians.

Ignatius, the founder of the society, being a fanatic, who, like the senseless fanatics of other countries and other times, had been accustomed to have dreams about *inspiration*, was fit enough to compose what they called the *Spiritual Exercises* of the Society ; but the *Constitutions*, and the *Monita Secreta*, both of which are founded in a deep insight into the propensities, frailties, and passions of mankind, owe the strongest and the most forbidding of their features to his two immediate successors. These were men of the world, well versed in the science of government ; who seem to have had no difficulty in determining the most effectual means of rendering their religious institution a powerful instrument in their hands against all unfriendly civil governments, and of increasing both the number and the importance of their dangerous privileges. The higher orders of the Jesuits were, so far as their *Monita* were concerned, the prototypes of the brethren of the German clubs of Freemasons who were of the first degree, and also of the profounder of the French Jacobins : and the spirit of the *Monita Secreta* resembled the mysteries of masonry, and the pure principles of Jacobinism. Each has in its turn been applied on the continent in the same mysterious manner, though with different degrees of success, to the overthrow of all whom they judged their foes. Each has in its turn been an invisible hand formed to wound the unwary and unguarded.

This same Society of Jesus, ushered into the world under such extraordinary circumstances, was dreaded from its birth. The Pope Paul, whose sanction Ignatius lost no time in soliciting, suspected that mischief lurked under the institution ; and instead of readily giving his sanction to it, referred the consideration of it to an assembly of cardinals—who pronounced it at once useless and dangerous. But about that time, the doctrines of the Romish Church were attacked from various quarters, and alarming schisms were every day taking place, so that Paul, on ascertaining that the Jesuits might be rendered a strong prop to the church—and that without any demand being made for their support, granted his bull. By this deed he confirmed to the institution all the privileges it claimed, added others of an extensive and commanding nature, and nominated Ignatius,

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otherwise called Loyola, the General of the Order. A Church Militant naturally looked for a General. Paul's concession was tardy, because it could not be obvious that the project of the Jesuits was a safe one, much less that they would one day become so powerful as they have done all over the world, or that, in the possession of such incalculable power, they would always retain the same attachment to the Holy See which they at first professed.

It is rather more than 40 years since an apparently fatal blow was given to Jesuitism. That blow, deemed effectual at the time, is now found not to have been finally so—for the order has revived through the agency of the present Pope, and his Most Catholic Majesty. Nay, we do not know whether the piety of the beloved Ferdinand has not outrun that of his Holiness; and whether we ought not to consider him as the enlightened St. Ignatius, and the Pope as the St. Paul, of the age. However this may be, one thing is remarkable—that Pius VIIth is actuated by motives closely resembling those of his predecessor—the experience of resistless attacks on his power, and the apprehension of farther schisms in the church. And it cannot be denied, that if the preservation of the tenets of the Romish Church—and of the dominion of the Sovereign Pontiff, be the main object at which his Holiness ought to aim, he has acted with great wisdom. It has been alleged, and with some appearance of truth, that had the order of Jesuits not been suppressed, even the French Revolution would not have convulsed Europe when it did. Were this allegation known to be true, there would be good reason for regretting the fall of the order. At all events its transactions, productive of extraordinary consequences in every region of the earth, have rendered it an object both of attention and of admiration. It is nothing less than venerable, from the men of letters and science which it has produced; and it inspires the most grateful recollections from the learning which it has diffused; and the conversions which it has made to the true religion, of every denomination of pagans.

D'Alembert had stated that “the Jesuits had been teaching philosophy two hundred years, and yet had never had a philosopher in their body;” and our author says,

“In the meaning of these writers, the charge must be fully admitted. Never did Jesuits harbour within their walls the maxims or the doctrines of modern sophisters. They acknowledged no philosophy, that appeared to infringe on revelation or morals; but not on that account did they forego a modest claim to the title of philosophers. These among them, who best deserved it, were actively employed in detecting, exposing, and

refuting the fallacies of the modern Voltairian school; and, without affecting the peculiarity of the name, they were satisfied with being philosophers in the ancient acceptation of the term; that is, while they inculcated respect for divine revelation, and for established authority, they never ceased, during two hundred years, to furnish a succession of professors, who unfolded the principles of natural and of moral knowledge. And what branch of human science was banished from their schools? Their public lessons might be called *elementary*, by deep proficient; but they were accommodated to the capacity of the bulk of their youthful auditors; their object was to awaken in them the love of science, to lay the foundation on which the edifice of deep knowledge was afterwards to rise. It is allowed, that the most distinguished scholars in every branch, in past times, generally had been trained in the Jesuits' schools; and can it be said with truth, that none of the masters, who had taught them, ever rose to eminence; that none of them were philosophers? That they never affected to assume the title is allowed: their philosophy was more circumspect. On their first principle they accepted, and they taught others to accept, without hesitation, the oracles of the Church of Christ; they never blushed for their faith, or, as it was miscalled, their credulity. They believed sublime truths, that surpassed comprehension, because they feared God who attests them, and knew that he cannot deceive. Fixed in this first principle, they conceived no incongruity in joining to it eager researches into the secrets of nature, steady pursuit of improvement in every human science. If eminence in these justly confers the title of philosopher, it is strange that the doctors of the new anti-christian school should have over-looked the names of innumerable Jesuits in every branch of science, who were respected as philosophers, until faith in divine revelation was reckoned to depreciate all literary merit. It would be tedious to rehearse the multitude of names, which might be adduced; but I must observe, that the succession of them was never discontinued; and that, in the very last state of the society, there were men among them revered and consulted by the most eminent professors and academicians, who disdained to be mere disciples of Voltaire and D'Alembert. The best mathematicians of Italy bowed to the names of Riccati and Lecchi. The most eminent astronomers frequented the observatories of the Jesuits at Rome, Florence, and Milan, directed by the Fathers Boscovich, Ximenes, and La Grange. Fathers Meyer and Hall were celebrated through Germany, and the Polish Jesuit Poczobult, the royal astronomer at Wilna, was known wherever astronomy was cultivated. The celebrated M. La Lande, and our own astronomer, Dr. Maskelyne, did not disdain his correspondence. La Lande, in particular, in his writings, mentions these Jesuit philosophers with honour.

"It is the remark of M. Chateaubriand, that, without any prejudice to other literary societies, the Jesuits were truly styled *gens de lettres*, because the whole circle of sciences was more or less cultivated among them. It was a rare case to meet with a Jesuit devoid of scientific knowledge. Their reputation, in this point of view, contributed much to the esteem in which the society was formerly held, before the strange concurrence of causes, which has not been hitherto explained, had operated upon the Catholic Princes to discard them, and, in so doing, to open volcanos beneath their thrones." pp. 240—244.

We would have our missionary societies mark well how judiciously, and therefore successfully, the Jesuits proceeded.

While they were teaching religion, often before they commenced their pious lessons, they gave instruction in general useful knowledge. Knowledge always accompanied their zeal; and hence the vast multitudes of proselytes which they made to their system of faith and worship, in every quarter of the globe—not of other denominations of Christians, but of savages and barbarians, who had never heard the name of Jesus Christ.

“With respect to missions, the Jesuits might truly apply to themselves the verse,

‘Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?’

“Their perseverance in this field of zeal was universally admired; it secured success during more than two centuries; and the latest missionary expeditions of their society proved, that the original spirit was not decayed. Whoever had caught it from the institute of Ignatius, was a scholar without pride; a man disengaged from his own conveniences; indifferent to his employment, to country, to climate; submissive to guidance; capable of living alone, and of edifying in public; happy in solitude, content in tumult; never misplaced. In a word, great purity of manners, cultivated minds, knowledge without pretensions, close study without recompence, obedience without reasoning though not without reason, love of labour, willingness to suffer, and, finally, fervor of zeal; such were the qualifications, which Ignatius's discernment directed his successors in government to seek, to select, or to form; and it is an acknowledged truth, that, at every period of the society, they always found men of this description to lead out their sacred expeditions to the four quarters of the world. These men planted Christian faith in the extremities of the east, in Japan, in the Molucca islands; they announced it in China, in the hither and further India, in Ethiopia and Caffraria, &c. Others in the opposite hemisphere appeared on the snowy wastes of North America; and, presently, Hurons were civilized, Canada ceased to be peopled only by barbarians. Others, almost in our own days, nothing degenerate, succeeded to humanize new hard-featured tribes, even to assemble them in Christian churches, in the ungrateful soil of California, to which angry nature seems to have denied almost every necessary for the subsistence of the human species. They were but a detachment from the body of their brethren, who, at the same time, were advancing, with rapid progress, through Cinaloa, among the unknown hordes of savages, who rove through the immense tracts to the north of Mexico, which have not yet been trodden by the steps of any evangelical herald. Others, again, in greater numbers, from the school of Ignatius, with the most inflexible perseverance, amidst every species of opposition, continued to gather new nations into the church, to form new colonies of civilized cannibals, for the Kings of Spain and Portugal, in the horrid wilds of Brazil, Maragnon, and Paraguay. Here truly flowed the milk and honey of religion and human happiness. Here was realized more than philosophy had dared to hope, more than Plato, in his republic, or the author of Utopia, had ever ventured to imagine. Here was given the demonstration, from experience, that pure religion, steadily practised, is the only source of human happiness. The new settlements, called *Reductions*, of Brazil and Paraguay, were real fruits of the zeal of the Jesuits. Solipsian empires, and gold mines to enrich the society, existed only in libels.

"The Jesuits were advancing, with gigantic strides, to the very centre of South America, they were actually civilizing the Abiponian barbarians, when their glorious course was interrupted by the wretched policy of Lisbon and Madrid. The missionaries of South America were all seized like felons, and shipped off, as so many convicts, to the ports of Old Spain, to be still farther transported to Corsica, and, finally, to the coasts of the Pope's states."

Mark now the effect produced on Mr. Dallas's mind, by a contemplation of those pious efforts.

"Having formerly occupied my thoughts on the subject of promoting the knowledge and practice of religion among the Negroes in the West Indies, I was naturally led to inquire into the means, which had been successfully adopted in the Catholic islands. I traced them to the enthusiastic labours of the clergy in general, particularly the Jesuits. The conduct of the fathers of that society in South America not only excited in me admiration, but the highest esteem, veneration, and affection, for that enlightened and persevering body in the Christian cause, who had spread over the immense regions of that continent, more virtue and real temporal happiness than were enjoyed by any other quarter of the globe, as well as a well founded hope of eternal felicity, by the redemption of mankind through Christ. This undeniable merit made such an impression on my mind, that I never gave credit to the horrors, which have been attributed to the society."

In this incredulity, there is a good deal, we apprehend, too much charity. The Jesuits might be, and they were, the best of missionaries: but that they made some mistakes, and were guilty of some offences; that they possessed improper means of annoying secular governments; that they mortally hated all reformation in religion, and every enlargement of the bounds of civil liberty; has been proved a thousand times. Our good opinion, therefore, of the order, as it once existed, is not without some alloy. Yet we cannot say that we object to the recent restoration of the order—on the contrary, we, on the whole, much approve of it. In former periods the Jesuits did far more good than harm to the world: for a long time to come they may do an infinity of good, while, from the quick and just sense which mankind now have of their social rights and duties, it really will be next to impossible for them to do mischief, were they ever so ill disposed. They can and will guard their religion against dangerous innovations; and, for the sake of their religion, they will strive to uphold the thrones by which sacred truths and divine worship are protected. They were much wanted just before the French Revolution began: but they are much more wanted now, when the prevalence of an audacious infidelity threatens the world with heavy calamities. Their ancient systematic opposition to religious reformation, and to the improvement of civil rights, was, on most former

occasions, a fault: such an opposition, after what Europe has experienced, will, on most future occasions, be a virtue. The Pope, in recalling the Jesuits to that distinguished post in which they can (to a degree which no other religious order can reach) both watch and defend the interests of Christianity, has done right—but perhaps only because he cannot do wrong; king Ferdinand too is in the right, but it is, in all probability, only from accident.

The author states his object with sufficient plainness.

“I trust that the following exposition will unfold enough of the injustice, which has been so unfeelingly and indefatigably heaped upon the Jesuits, to convince every unprejudiced man, that the suppression of the order has been injurious to society, and that the revival of it, far from being dangerous, must be beneficial. I am not afraid, that this expression of my sentiment will draw upon me any suspicion of disaffection to the state, or the established church; my sentiments are well known to my friends, and have been more than once publicly professed. The benefit, which I think will arise from the restoration of the society, will consist more particularly in the active and zealous cultivation of Christian virtues, and a spirit of Loyalty among the catholics of all countries, whether protestant or catholic; and, unless we mean to say, with some of the furious reformers, that the religion of the catholics is to be extirpated altogether, it is absurd to say, that they shall not have their best and most active instructors.”

Such is Mr. Dallas's object. His plan will appear from the following quotation, which we make with the more alacrity, as we shall thereby save ourselves the trouble of following our usual practice of giving an analysis of the work.

“If there were a question, whether there should be a change in the religion of the state, or whether the sceptre of Great Britain were better placed in the hand of a protestant or a catholic prince, my voice, slender as it is, should eagerly profess my attachment to the monarchy, and to the church of England. But no such question exists, or is likely to exist, in the contemplation of British subjects, of any persuasion or denomination whatever. It is with this conviction on my mind, that I have resolved to publish the result of my inquiries respecting the Jesuits; and to show, that they do not merit the virulent slanders with which they have been attacked, or the treatment, horrid and inhuman, which they were made to suffer. A violent pamphlet, entitled “A brief account of the Jesuits,” lately republished from a newspaper, shall serve to direct me over the mass of abuse which I purpose to clear away in such a manner as to enable the reader to proceed, without prejudice, to the perusal of the following letters, to which partiality might otherwise be attributed. They are replies to some of the charges of the writer of the pamphlet, and they also appeared in a newspaper, with the signature of Clericus, the assailant having assumed that of Laicus, which I mention, as it may be convenient for me to use these names occasionally.

“I purpose, 1st: to make some remarks on the objects of the author of the pamphlet, in his attack upon the Jesuits, and on his mode of conducting his argument: 2dly: to examine the character of the authorities against the Jesuits, called by the writer historical evidences; and

of those in favor of them: and to notice some of the charges against the society: 3dly: to give a brief account of the order, and of the fundamental character of it, with the prominent features of the Institute of Loyola, contrasted with the libellous *Monita Secreta*: and, 4thly: to conclude with observations arising out of the preceding subjects, and on the necessity of making religion the basis of education."

This plan the author has executed with ability and good effects. His book is clearly and ably written. His facts are judiciously chosen, and not unskilfully arranged—though there is rather a super-abundance of them. His general argument tends directly to the support of sound morals, regular government, and pure religion—for that which he commends in the Jesuit code, would be laudable in the code of any other denomination of Christians. On the whole we think well of his performance, and recommend it to the notice of our readers; with this short observation, that its praise of the Jesuits is sometimes not sufficiently qualified.

We quote him again on the important subject of Education.

"It is unfortunate that the nature of man will not permit the spirit, and even the outward forms, of a religion so adapted to the actual condition of the human species to be universal; and, that the different views taken of the text, by the variance of the human understanding, should diverge into incongruous systems, and excite religious dissensions. But, however this may be deplored, it is still more deplorable, that it should ever enter into the mind of man to establish systems of education, in which that which should be the foundation of it is totally excluded from it; that the end of knowledge should be separated from the means of it; that the rudiments of instruction should be devoted solely to the acquisition of worldly arts, of which the operation is to be left to the direction of ignorance and selfishness. It is astonishing, with the experience men have so lately and so dearly gained, that there can be found one to approve of a system, in this country, the archetype of which has desolated Europe and ruined France. In attributing the explosion of the French revolution to the deistical and atheistical philosophers, I do not hesitate to attribute the long continuance of it to the change that took place in the forms of education; to the universities of Buonaparte,¹ to the confining of men's interests to the duration of life. In this country, there is a system in full operation, and patronised by some of the first characters of the state; by which a very large portion of the people will, in a few years, consist of persons able to read, write, and keep accounts, who will have no knowledge, or an erroneous one, of the duties and sanctions of religion, and whose morality will consequently be dependent on their reasoning faculties; and I am very much mistaken

¹ By his edicts on this subject, the youth of France were to be brought up at his schools throughout the empire; these schools, in every town and village, were all dignified with the appellation of university, the masters of which were appointed by the principal of the school at Paris, and to be under his control. The mathematics and a military spirit were ordered to be the chief things attended to: all boys, of whatever age, wore uniforms and immense cornered hats.

if those faculties will not lead to similar conceptions and similar effects as those produced by the reasoning faculties of 1788 and 1789. This opinion cannot be mistaken for one of intolerance.

"I am an advocate for the toleration of conscientious scruples; but there is one thing which I think no government ought to tolerate, and that is public schools openly professing to banish religious instruction, for they must prove seminaries of malcontents and democrats.

"The luxury and aristocracy of a few well educated rich atheists and deists afford no objection: it is of the low and of the indigent that these schools are formed, of persons who may be rendered the most valuable or most pernicious part of the community.

"We must at first have guides, and, to borrow the pithy expression of the famous bishop of Down, Jeremy Taylor, "if our guides do not put something into our heads, while children, the devil will." The arts of reading and writing are mere mechanical instruments: to render them a blessing the soul must be fashioned into a spring of thought and action, and it behoves the fashioner to temper it justly. How desirable soever it might be, that the rising generation, enjoying the same constitution, should be united in the same mode of worship, yet, as that blessing seems unattainable in the present state of the world, it would be some consolation, if the various dissenters from the established church would hold themselves bound to insist upon the christian religion, according to their own views of it, being taught in the new schools; and, I am free to confess, that the dissenting ministers in general are not deficient of zeal in impressing their religious principles on the minds of their followers; and it is but justice to say, that the world at large have been indebted to many of them, to Watts, to Hartley, and to others: nor do I think, that the generality of the dissenters can possibly approve of that plan, which, assembling poor children to be taught reading, writing, and figures, sends them to learn the relation between the Creator and his creature, the corruption of human nature, and the means of salvation, in a garret or a cellar, where want and ignorance, or low debauchery, are to be their preceptors.

"It is impossible to contemplate the advantages arising to our fellow creatures and to society from Dr. Bell's system of education for the poor without delight and without grateful feeling, to the author, and, I may add, the still active director of it. Thousands upon thousands will bless him, while he lives; and millions will revere his memory after he shall have gone to partake of those joys which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive."

This performance is dedicated to Mr. Canning, known not to be professedly a catholic—nor yet supposed to be, in his heart, either a catholic or a Jesuit; though we would not undertake to answer for his not being, through means of this book, suspected and accused of both weaknesses. His name has been chosen to adorn the work, because "among the services which he has been active in rendering to his country, in her legislation and letters, he has been the liberal advocate of the catholic body in general." And the author says of him,

"You are on the spot, Sir, where the Jesuits were persecuted with the greatest violence; a circumstance, to my apprehension, not the most favorable to the investigation of truth as it may well be imagined,

that the prejudices, which were raised by the unprincipled and unrelenting minister of Joseph I. of Portugal, have too strongly enveloped it to be easily removed: but there are minds gifted with a discernment approaching to intuition, and, if any man can unweave the web, which has been spun around this unfortunate society, to your penetration may it be trusted." *Dedication.* p. 6.

But we doubt much whether Mr. Canning will judge it expedient to search for such documents as may enable him, or Mr. Dallas through his means, either to prove the truth of all that has been said for the order of Jesuits, or to disprove what has, for centuries past, been alleged against them. His public duties, to be sure, do not at present press very hard upon him.

ART. XIV.—*A Month at Brussels. A Satirical Novel, in three Volumes.* By the author of "A month in Town;" "Rejected Odes;" "General Post Bag," &c. Iley, London. 1815.

IN point of interest and variety, the present work certainly surpasses "A Month in Town," though the plan, the style, and general execution are similar. "The author," as he tells us in the preface, "has fixed the time of his actions completely within the range of every recollection, and his scene on a spot, which not he, but one of the events to which he alludes in his work, has immortalized." This great event is the Battle of Waterloo; and the most careless reader must readily conceive who the illustrious personage is, that is represented under the title of the DUKE of LAURELS. Several others of the *fabulæ personæ* are equally pointed, and must be recognised by the politicians, though perhaps not by the *Polly Honeycombs* of the day. The author has endeavoured, by the occasional introduction of new characters, which consequently lead to additional incidents, to encrease the interest of each volume successively; and by filling the work with love and intrigue, to gratify the taste of the numerous class of novel-readers. Satirical works of this kind are only of a temporary nature; for, when the facts which give them birth, are forgotten or out of date, they are consigned to perpetual oblivion. That candor, impartiality, and fidelity, which render *histories* valuable, are not the characteristics of a satirical novel. Instead of candor and impartiality, Satire takes the liberty of exaggerating, and de-

lights in dwelling rather upon *vices* than *virtues*. Though the Satirist be provided with a ground-work from Truth, still he has recourse to Imagination, which puts Fidelity out of the question.

The quantity of matter contained in these three volumes (which is hardly sufficient to fill *two* volumes of tolerable size) evinces the author's hurry "to catch the manners as they rise," and perhaps also to catch the profits as they come in; and, as may be expected in hurried works, probability is sometimes violated.——The first volume closes with a dreadful conflagration.—Lady Mary Bellegarde, standing at a window, at a considerable height from the ground, is in a perilous situation—a long ladder is provided, and an English soldier requested to save her from the impending danger,—the soldier *pauses* in the act of ascending the ladder, and is stimulated, not by humanity, to succour the lady, but by the voice of his commander, and the promise of a "princely reward." When the soldier gets into the window, the ladder, consumed by a flame from the window underneath, snaps and falls into the yard. Blankets, sheets, bedding, and straw, are *then* piled to a considerable height, and at a signal from his grace, Lady Mary heroically jumps from the window, and alights without sustaining the slightest injury! The soldier is afterwards seen ready to make a spring, but the flames burst out violently from the window below him; he is appalled, and the author, for the purpose of introducing his orphans in the succeeding volume, leaves him to perish. If absolutely necessary that the poor soldier should fall a victim, why was it not in the noble act of rescuing the lady, and becoming *bonâ fide*, her deliverer? The author however has made the lady a *soldier*, and the soldier a *lady*.—*Risum teneatis?*—The fall of this *gallant* Englishman, (who had not the courage of a woman) produces an admirable dialogue between Sir Phillip Pedant and Count D' Abbeville in the second volume, wherein the former is an advocate for English bravery, and the latter for French heroism. This scene is written with some *Shandean* humor, and is the only part of the work worthy of being extracted.

"'He was a noble fellow,' said the Count, dashing away with the cuff of his coat a tear which strayed down his face; 'an Englishman is capable of noble actions, and perhaps more so than any other nation in the world, if we except the French. I think there is more of the vigour of heroism in the French character.'"

"Sir Phillip looked at the Count a moment, to see if he was in earnest; nothing appeared to give the lie to his words.—'Then you think a Frenchman is superior to an Englishman? Why, the *petits maitres* stood like stocks and stones in the yard, and heard the poor lady cry out

most bitterly for assistance, but she might have perished for aught they cared, if the party of English soldiers had not made their appearance just at the critical moment.' "

" 'That was certainly an exception from the gallantry of the French in general,' replied the Count, striking the toe of his boot with his cane—'but I have led a French battalion to the mouth of a line of cannon; I have marched them to storm a battery and escalade the walls of a town,'—and here the count rose, and shouldered his cane, and marched up and down the apartment with an agitation the most powerful imaginable. 'I have led them in the face of death in a thousand and in the most horrible shapes; yes, almost to certain annihilation, and I do and will maintain it to my last breath,'—and here his voice rose higher,—'that a Frenchman——' "

" 'Is a very bold fellow,' interrupted Sir Phillip, rising in his turn, and placing his hands in his breeches' pockets, and walking up and down the room in an opposite direction.—'Yes, yes,' he continued, 'I grant you that a Frenchman will go where he is led, even to the devil; for Bonaparte has been employed for many years past in leading them thither; but, Count, you forget yourself, when you place them above Englishmen, who are universally acknowledged——' "

" 'To be excellent soldiers,' interrupted the Count in his turn, advancing to meet Sir Phillip, and placing himself across his way. 'They are very excellent soldiers, none can deny it. They are bold, enterprising, and heroic; they despise death, and are brave under all privations. War has made them so.' "

" 'And it was war which made Frenchmen soldiers,' returned Sir Phillip; 'practice makes perfect in every profession. An experienced butcher will cut you up calves with much more dexterity than his apprentice. A Catholic will not starve half so soon as a Church of England man. A wood-cutter will stand out twice the cold that a smelter of metals will. But a Frenchman is actuated by no reason nor reflection, like an Englishman. He is more easily hurried into excesses.' "

" 'Excesses! my dear fellow,' resumed the Count—'excesses are the common sources of enthusiastic genius. I would sooner lead an army of such ardent spirits into action, than your cold, phlegmatic, dull plodders, who waste, in deliberation, those precious moments which Frenchmen give to action. If Alexander had run into no excesses he would never have been great. If your own Cœur de Lion had not been a mad enthusiast, his name would not have been remembered with veneration by posterity; for fame and glory are the children of excess. Bonaparte's excesses will live in history as traits of——' "

" 'Villainy, scoundrelism,' interrupted Sir Phillip. 'What was the massacre of his prisoners in Egypt? What was the poisoning of his sick at Jaffa? What was his treatment of Captain Wright, of Pichegru, of Georges, of the Duc d'Enghien, of Palm, and all the other victims of his tyranny? I'll tell you, Count, what history will say of Bonaparte;—and here Sir Phillip put the fore-finger of his right hand through one of the button holes of the Count's uniform,—'history will say that he was a murderer, a plunderer, a perjurer, an enemy to religion and morality, a traitor, an apostate, an incendiary, a renegade, and a coward.' "

This volume concludes with a ball given by the Duke of Laurels, which is interrupted by the approach of the enemy. The third volume is filled up with alarms—a sister discovering her

brother in a wounded soldier, and afterwards in the same predicament a lover, who had previously paid his addresses to her friend—a duel, prevented by a neglected, but frail wife, and the wonderful reconciliation of her cornuted husband and noble gallant. The chief merit of this motley work is correct language, which is not always to be found in temporary productions. By making the glorious battle of Waterloo, the groundwork of a *satirical* novel, the author had determined, it seems, to verify his motto,

“Difficile est satiram non scribere.”

Those, however, who think, as many no doubt do, that the subject is not the fittest for the keen pen of the satirist, will be apt to parody the motto, and say,

Sed fucile est satiram non legere.

ART. XV.—*An Account of the Ceremonies which took place at Dumfries, on the 5th of June, 1815, at the laying the Foundation-Stone of the Mausoleum to be erected over the Remains of Robert Burns.* Dumfries. Munro and Co. 1815.

THERE is a general and very natural propensity to over-rate the productions of uneducated writers. When we discover a considerable portion of taste or genius subsisting with indigence and illiteracy, we are led by our disposition to the marvellous, to exaggerate the merit which appears under such unfavorable circumstances; and to cherish the wonder till it rises in our imagination to the magnitude of a prodigy. Blind poets, negro minstrels, and rhyming servant-maids, have swelled the catalogue of modern prodigies, and wisely profited by this over-credulous disposition. It is very proper to laugh at the patronage so often and so ridiculously bestowed on the abortive efforts of scribbling ploughmen and smiling milkmaids, who are dragged by silly patrons from their useful labors, to become the gaze of the village and the wonder of the day: but it ought not to be forgotten, that if such patronage rears a race of mere poetasters, it also smoothes the way for poets of genuine sterling desert. Such a genius appeared in the person of Robert Burns. Born in the condition of a peasant, he rose to distinction through those energies which had been called into action by the applause and patronage of his admiring countrymen. Of his productions, which have been so often printed, and so generally read, it would be superfluous to enter into a critical examination. The object of

the present article is to notice the zealous, though, it must be confessed, tardy exertions that have lately been made, or are now making, to raise a monument to the memory of this gifted individual.

But before entering on any detail, it may not be improper to try to counteract an unfavorable impression that some have attempted to make on the public mind. Much invective has been poured out against the ingratitude of his countrymen, and more especially the opulent inhabitants of the district where he closed his days. Men have at all times delighted in inconsiderate censure of those who have the means of patronage. Juvenal is loud in his lamentations over the unrewarded genius of Statius; and the names of Otway and Chatterton have inspired many a pathetic, many a pointed and satirical verse. Far be it from us to attempt either to abate the general sympathy felt for the miseries of genius, or to excuse the hard-hearted disregard of dignified sufferings which the opulent could often relieve. But upon an impartial examination of the present case, there will, we think, be found more reason to lament the unhappy misconduct of Burns himself, than to blame his patrons for any want of munificence. The subscription to his works was liberal; it placed him in a situation which might be considered as comparative opulence; and the situation which his friends procured him at Dumfries would, had he conducted himself with prudence, have yielded him a comfortable subsistence, and in all probability have led the way to future advancement. For any higher active employment he was unfit. He had been unsuccessful in the situation in which his zealous friend and patron, Mr. Millar, of Dalswinton, had placed him. He was too far advanced in years to acquire the knowledge of a profession; and had he been placed in any more elevated station, his indiscretions would have rendered his misfortunes more pungent. We again repeat, that from our actual knowledge of the particulars of the case, Burns was not neglected by the opulent of the neighbourhood in which he lived, and where his ashes now rest. Let it be remembered, that an indiscriminating generosity would have taken away the few restraints imposed on his faults by the fear of poverty, and ill have deserved the name of patronage. The patron, who points out any road to success but that of prudence and regularity of conduct, will find his liberality not, in the whole, beneficial, but destructive to an inconsiderate man of talent. The laws of nature have given no man a dispensation from the necessity of regulating his conduct by the established

rules of society, and of learning to rely chiefly on his own exertions.

But we proceed to the contents of this little volume. Monday, the 5th of June, was chosen to lay the foundation-stone of the mausoleum to be erected over the remains of Burns. The poet had belonged to the order of free-masons, and accordingly a procession was formed by the various lodges of the brethren, and of the gentlemen and magistrates of the place. They repaired to the grave of Burns, escorted by the Dumfries yeomanry cavalry, and preceded by bands of music, among which the native tones of the bag-pipe were not the least audible.

“ On the arrival of the procession at the church-yard, the different lodges halted, and opened to the right and left, making way for the provincial grand lodge to pass to the front. The foundation was then laid in due form by William Millar, Esq. the provincial grand master, who performed the ceremonies usual on such occasions, and deposited in the hollow of the stone two glass bottles, the one containing gold and silver coins of the kingdom; the other the Latin inscription, written upon vellum, as quoted below; a copy of a small edition of the poems of Burns; the resolutions of the committee, with the names of the members, and some of the newspapers of the day. After this Mr. Millar addressed the spectators in an elegant and appropriate speech to the following effect :

“ ‘ Gentlemen and Brethren,—Having performed a duty resulting from the situation which I have the honour to hold, under the most worshipful the grand lodge of Scotland, it will probably be deemed incumbent upon me, in my official capacity of provincial grand master, to offer a few remarks on the nature and duties of the masonic institution, especially upon those in which we have now been more immediately employed. But, if bound to perform this task, I feel too deeply sensible of my own inability, not to confine my observations within the narrowest possible limits.

“ ‘ There are, gentlemen, many and important secrets, of which the masonic body has long been considered as the only safe and lawful depository; these must for ever remain a mystery to all but initiated brethren. Many of the more prominent features, however, of our ancient and honorable institution appear unveiled to every eye, and with modest and becoming aspect court the affections of every sound and honest heart. Of these, truth, charity, and forbearance, form the most prominent and conspicuous; and as the principles of free masonry have been widely diffused over all nations, and eagerly embraced by all sects, and by every persuasion, we, as masons, without arrogating too much to our own labours, may indulge a reasonable hope that we have been neither idle, nor altogether unsuccessful, in promoting the object and in extending the sphere, at least, of practical Christianity.

“ ‘ It is the peculiar province of free masons, when it is required of them, to give their advice and assistance on all occasions, calculated to advance the progress of the arts, or to promote the general interest and welfare of society.

“ ‘ You, gentlemen, have this day been engaged in performing a solemn duty at the grave of your favourite and lamented Bard, who, having long devoted his extraordinary talents to adorn the literature of an ad-

ming country, has now bequeathed his fame and reputation to the tutelage of an enlightened posterity. We, gentlemen, as masons, while we have been occupied in the discharge of a duty prescribed to us by our own professions, have, at the same time, been rendering a last tribute of respect to the memory of an illustrious brother. Illustrious—not from birth, nor from those brilliant achievements which lead to speedy wealth and certain honours, but from an assemblage of those rare and splendid endowments which Nature, in her partial moods, bestows but on her favoured few. The language of truth compels us to confess that Burns was not without his frailties; but what man, alas! is free from every fault? The rigid critic, and the stern moralist, in the vigilant exercise of their faculties, may, while pondering over his manifold beauties, discover and select passages not altogether unexceptionable or blameless. Yet, if they temper their severity with justice, though they may find something to reprove, they will find much to applaud, almost every thing to admire.

“ ‘It is equally foreign to my intentions, as it would be repugnant to your feelings, to breathe a censure, however light, which might disturb the slumbers of the peaceful grave; and it will not be expected of me, and in this place, where every heart in silent eloquence offers to his memory the homage of its admiration, it cannot surely be necessary to pronounce the eulogium of the much lamented but unfortunate Burns—yet indulge me, gentlemen, with a single observation.

“ ‘In the natural course of events we may rest persuaded, that the mausoleum of which we have this day laid the foundation-stone, will successfully resist, for ages yet to come, every attack which may be made upon it, by the dilapidating hand of time. It needs not, however, I think, the gift of prophecy to foretel, that when the labors of our hands shall have mouldered into decay, Burns, in the effusions of his vigorous mind, and powerful and energetic fancy, will still be found to have reared a monument to his own glory, which will endure while taste and genius hold their empire over the human mind. In an age of Roman sincerity, well might he have applied to his own labours the language of the illustrious Roman poet,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

“ ‘Although the committee of management connected with the business of this day has not yet received any monumental inscription commemorative of the character and writings of Burns, yet, while the genius and liberality of a Campbell, a Scott, or a Byron, continue to support and illustrate the annals of our literature, it need not fear the want of some appropriate memorial, at once redounding to the honour of the dead and of the living poet, and which will serve to communicate to after times a feeling of the refined and polished taste, which so eminently distinguishes the remarkable æra in which it is our lot to live.’ ”

The ceremony was closed by the provincial grand chaplain with the following prayer :

“ Almighty God, Father of Lights, from whom cometh down every good and every perfect gift! we thank thee that thou hast cast our lot in an age so enlightened, and in a country where useful learning and the means of moral and religious improvement are placed within the reach of the lowest of the people. We intreat thee to bless all our endeavours in promoting the best interests of society, and especially to grant that the tribute we now pay to departed genius may be the means of exciting and

fostering the talents and mental powers with which thou hast endowed thy rational creatures, and of directing them to the advancement of all that is great, and noble, and excellent in human nature. Above all things we pray that thou mayst cause these powers and talents to unite in promoting the interests of pure and undefiled religion; and that thou mayst hasten the happy time, when all mankind shall consider the accomplishments of genius and learning as only valuable, in so far as they may contribute to the glory of thy holy name, the interests of thy son's kingdom, and the eternal happiness of the human race."

After this, the following poem, composed by Mr. W. Joseph Walter, was recited by him, and received with enthusiastic applause.

Hail to the day! that sees, though long delayed,
To Coila's bard the rites of duty paid;—
That sees the pious zeal, which stands confest
In every eye, and glows in every breast;
To hush the stranger's keen reproach, and raise
A fond memorial to the Poet's praise.
Hail to the day! that sees those honours done,
Which he conferred on hapless Fergusson;
E'en now I see him, fir'd with generous shame,
To find no stone record a brother's fame—
No votive verse to mark the sacred spot
From vulgar earth, which honour halloweth not;
E'en now I view him, from his scanty store,
Wiling each day some pious pittance more,
Till thro' his generous zeal, and his alone,
Dunedin's Bard no longer sleeps unknown.

Nor shalt *thou* sleep unknown! O Burns, thy zeal
Has taught each heart a kindred warmth to feel.—
To thee the votive tablet shall arise,—
For thee the Mausoleum seek the skies;
With growing years to bid thy memory grow,
Till nature cease to charm, or Nith to flow.
Then ages hence—when still encreasing fame
Shall make each clime familiar with thy name—
Full many a pious pilgrim shall repair
To drink fresh draughts of inspiration there:
For still thy grave poetic warmth inspires,
'Still in thine ashes live their wonted fires!'
Tho' mute the lyre, the music from whose string
Was soft as gales that fan the waking spring;
Tho' mouldered into dust the tuneful tongue
Whose notes thro' Clouden's bowers so sweetly rung,
Yet, not unconscious of these honours paid,
Still hovers round the spot thy gentle shade.

To aid this noble cause—see every hand
With pious prodigality expand!
The parent whose fond breast has glow'd when led
To view the scene that marks his Cottar's shed;
Where the good sire, with 'lyart haffets bare,'
Spreads the 'ha'-bible' wide, and pours the artless prayer.

The warrior, whose fierce pulse has kindled high
 When Wallace call'd to death or victory—
 (For 'tis the poet's magic verse must shed
 Glory's bright halo round the hero's head :)
 The love-sick maid, who, o'er his varied lay,
 Entranced, has charmed the wintry gloom away,
 Smiled at his wit, or shed the tender tear,
 When wept his verse o'er Highland Mary's bier;
 All—all with pious ardour shall combine,
 And heap their tribute on the Poet's shrine.

“Nor yet is Nature mute the while, I ween,
 But fondly sympathises in the scene,
 Well pleased to see the grateful temple rise
 To him, the warmest of her votaries.
 How burst thro' clouds and gloom this morning's ray!
 How evening lingers on yon heathery brae!¹
 What gleams of more than common radiance shone
 On Queensbro's height, and Criffel's mountain throne!
 The merle and mavis, sporting on the spray,
 New plum'd their wings, and trill'd a livelier lay;
 The glad Nith wafted from his passing wave
 A sweeter murmur to the Poet's grave;
 While every conscious daisy on his side
 Flush'd with new bloom, and spread her starry pride.
 Perchance 'twas fancy all!—for she, forsooth,
 Oft decks her witcheries in the hues of truth.

“Nor be you last to meet deserv'd applause,
 You who stand foremost in the pious cause;
 You who the memory of the Bard revere,—
 Who hold his genius and his merits dear;—
 Who to his fame, as to your country's, just,
 Plan the proud dome and honorary bust.—
 Had I one spark of his immortal flame,
 The verse should flow and give the deed to Fame.—
 Enough—a nation's gratitude will pay
 The deed that marks this memorable day;
 Enough—your generous efforts will afford
 A proud, a conscious, and a full reward.

“Well have ye fix'd our Sovereign's natal day,
 This debt to genius and the muse to pay;
 Tho' now, alas! in darkness 'tis his doom,
 To sit, and bear the mind's more chilling gloom,
 Yet he has ever been the Muse's friend,
 First to reward, to cherish, to defend.
 The arts have flourished in our happy isle,
 And genius bloom'd beneath his fostering smile:
 To him the Muse this humble tribute brings;
 THE BEST OF PATRONS, AS THE BEST OF KINGS.
 Then let us gratefully his worth proclaim,
 And call fresh blessings down on George's honoured name.”

A chaste and elegant design has been chosen by the Committee, which is to be executed in marble, and is intended to

¹ The ceremony took place in the evening.

fill the interior of the Mausoleum. It is from the hands of Mr. Turnerelli of London; the subject is judiciously chosen from the Poet's own words, which occur in the dedication of his poems to the gentlemen of the Caledonian hunt, an association which is composed of the greater part of the noblemen and gentlemen of Scotland. The words of Burns are these :

“ My Lords and Gentlemen,

“ A Scottish bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their ancestors? *The Poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic Bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me.* She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue; I tuned my wild, artless notes as she inspired.”

Mr. Turnerelli has endeavoured, and we think very successfully, to embody the striking idea marked in Italics. Burns is represented as standing between the shafts of the plough; with drapery floating gracefully on the breeze; and the genius of Poetry is figured as descending and spreading her mantle to cover him. One hand of the Bard is on the plough; and he is supposed at that moment to have caught a view of the ærial figure. Under the other hand he holds his bonnet, which, overcome with feelings of awe and veneration, he is pressing respectfully to his bosom. To mark another memorable event in the Poet's life, the ploughshare is represented as just severing in two a groupe of mountain daisies; a circumstance which will not fail to call to mind Burns' exquisite poem on that subject.

We are pleased to see that the Prince Regent has promoted and patronized this national object; and His Royal Highness's example will no doubt stimulate others to contribute their mite.

The following is a copy of the Inscription, inclosed in the foundation stone.

In Aeternum Honorem
ROBERTI BURNS,
Poetarum Caledoniae sui aevi longe principis,
Cujus carmina eximia, patrio sermone scripta,
Animi magis ardentis, vique ingenii,
Quam arte vel cultu conspicua,
Facetiis, jucunditate, lepore, affluentia,
Omnibus litterarum cultoribus satis nota;
Cives sui, necnon plerique omnes
Musarum amantissimi, memoriamque viri,
Arte Poeticâ tam præclari, foventes,
HOC MAUSOLEUM,
Super reliquias poetae mortales,

extruendum curavere.
 Primum hujus aedificii lapidem
 Gulielmus Miller, Armiger,
 Reipublicae architectonicae apud Scotos,
 In regione australi, Curio Maximus provincialis,
 Georgio Tertio regnante,
 Georgio, Walliarum Principe,
 Summam imperii pro patre tenente,
 Josepho Gass, armigero, Dumfrisiae Praefecto,
 Thoma F. Hunt, Londinensi, Architecto,
 Posuit,
 Nonis Juniis, Anno Lucis MDCCCXV.
 Salutis Humanae MDCCCXV.

TRANSLATION.

In perpetual honour of
 ROBERT BURNS,
 Decidedly the first Scottish Poet of his age,
 whose exquisite verses, in the dialect of his country,
 distinguished for the vigour of genius and a powerful mind,
 more than for polish or learning,
 are admired by all men of letters
 for their humour, pleasantry, elegance, and variety ;
 his townsmen and others, who love polite literature,
 and cherish the memory of so eminent a genius,
 caused this Mausoleum to be erected
 over the mortal remains of

THE BARD.

The first stone of this edifice,
 planned by Thomas F. Hunt, of London, architect,
 was laid by
 William Miller, Esq.
 Provincial Grand Master of the Southern District,
 of Free Masons in Scotland,
 In the reign of King George III.,
 During the regency of George Prince of Wales,
 Joseph Gass, Esq. being Provost of Dumfries,
 On the 5th day of June,
 In the year of light, 5815,
 Of our Lord, 1815.

ART. XVI. *Carpe Diem ; or the True Policy of Europe, at the present Juncture, with regard to France.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Stockdale, 1815.

THE phrase chosen for the title of this book, was originally employed by Horace to invite his mistress *to drink heartily*, and not to leave till the morning, what should be done at night. But it is used for a better purpose in this pamphlet, both the intention and the execution of which are good. We doubt, however, whether it did not appear too late to be very useful—whether the Allies and Louis XVIII. had not finally decided what they should, and what they should not do, before they were thus invited to use the golden opportunity which they had for a time enjoyed.

The writer earnestly recommends to them to see that the Jacobins be set aside as speedily and as completely as possible ; and that the Bourbons be secured on the throne of France, as the best means of insuring the repose both of that country, and of Europe ; and he says,

“ As the subversion of the throne of France must evidently prove fatal to the repose of Europe ; the powers of Europe have an undoubted right to do whatever is necessary for the preservation of that throne.”

He thinks that

“ The Allies must protect the royal authority in France, not merely by defending the House of Bourbon against all revolutionary attacks, but by securing the succession to the Gallic throne, according to the fundamental laws of the monarchy. They must, by solemn treaty, guarantee that succession against all attempts to disturb it, from whatever quarter they may proceed. Any interruption of that succession would be a practicable breach in the ramparts of social order, through which the host of Jacobins would storm their way, again to carry war and desolation to the extremities of Europe.”

Finally, he contends that some of the French fortresses, ought to be occupied by the Allies : but he does not say, whether permanently, or not.

His description of Jacobinism is well drawn : the whole performance, indeed, is clearly conceived, and well expressed.

“ Jacobinism, it should be ever remembered, is a perfect Proteus. It can borrow any form, it can assume any character, to effect its purpose. It can wear the garb of royalism for the destruction of royalty. It can declare for the House of Bourbon, in the hope of dividing that house

against itself, and thereby ensuring its fall. It can extol the virtues of the king, or of a prince belonging to a collateral branch of his house, with the intention of hereafter urging the want of those virtues, as a reason for disturbing the succession, and in order to break in upon the dynasty. It can even admit, that the king is recalled to his throne by the voice of his people. This is one of the most subtle of its artifices. An artifice which is calculated to impose even upon the sovereign himself, to whom it cannot but be grateful to consider himself as possessing the affections of his people, and as the object of their choice. But the Jacobins are aware that the fact of a choice, though conceded to-day, may be disputed to-morrow; when they will take advantage of a momentary recognition, by the friends of monarchy, of a right to choose, as necessarily implying a right to reject—proving in this as in so many other instances, that they concede only with a view to ensnare.

“The element of Jacobinism is anarchy, towards which it is always impelled by the resistless force of instinct. The constant object of its hostility, is regular and stable government; and it well knows that the only solid basis of government, is a clear and legitimate title to the sovereignty, according to fixed and fundamental laws. When, therefore, the times are not favorable to a direct and open attack upon the existing government, the Jacobins put on a mask—they boast of their loyalty,—they shout *Vive le Roi*. But all this while they carry on their attack upon the principle of legitimate title, in order to undermine the very foundations of government. Their grand weapon for this purpose, and that which they have constantly in use, is the insidious principle,—*that the people have a right to choose their government*.”

ART. XVII.—*A Historical Sketch of the French Revolution : with Original Anecdotes.* Part I. From the taking of the Bastille, to the breaking up of the National Convention. By ROBERT THOMSON, an eye witness to the Events. 8vo. pp. 152. London. Button and Son. 1815.

WE are accustomed to say of a thing, *that we would rather see it than hear of it*. And certainly, for the historian of a mighty event to have seen what he is about to record—to have borne a part in the transactions he is to describe, is of high importance, though not, in every instance, absolutely necessary. None of the historians of modern times—none at least, of those whose names stand high in the lists of fame, have had to record either their own exploits, or those of eminent persons with whom they had acted. Our statesmen and commanders-in-chief are not eminent writers.

The performance before us is on a small scale. And Mr. Thomson draws attention not so much by saying what happened, as by telling what he actually saw. He appears to have seen more of the French Revolution than most people; and, no doubt, he both heard and read a good deal concerning it. The interest excited by that great event is not nearly so strong now as it once was; yet any new account of it, especially if written, as the present is, with freedom and spirit, must have some attraction.—The mere narrative of the French Revolution has been given by others in a much fuller manner than is now done; the anecdotes, however, with which this little affair is interspersed lend it a considerable interest. Some of them are original.

“I had been strongly recommended to the well known Colonel Oswald, a Highland officer in the French service, who received me well, and treated me as a friend, although we differed on every subject of common sense. On hearing the general beat, a few days after the names were thus exhibited, I went to the coffee-house he frequented, and found him in full uniform—neck and breast exposed, Jacobin fashion, with his sword under his arm. We held but a short conversation: ‘What is the meaning of this alarm, Colonel?’ . . . He answered me, with great composure—‘There is to be a general massacre; to begin by a majority of the Convention.’ ‘At what o’clock?’ . . . ‘At one, when they are all met.’ ‘Is Tom Paine of the number?’ . . . ‘Certainly, old fool, of what use is he?’ ‘Where are you to be, Colonel, in this frightful scene?’ . . . ‘At the head of my regiment’ (the 14th battalion of pikes, of his own forming) ‘to direct the destruction of aristocracy.’ ‘What am I to do?’ . . . ‘Buy every thing you want for two days, and keep at home till all be over.’—This intended massacre was planned by the Jacobin Club, of which the Colonel was a favourite member, and even a good speaker. The proscribed deputies discovered the too glaring plot; and by keeping from the assembly that day, it failed.

“A few words on the character of poor Oswald: he was formerly a captain in the 42nd regiment, under Colonel M’Cleod. He was a professed atheist—and carried about with him a Bible, on purpose, and with talents, to hold it up to ridicule—for he was educated in the College of Edinburgh, with an original stock of no common understanding.

“He would eat nothing that had been killed, and was of a robust constitution, living entirely on vegetables, fruit, eggs, &c. But he was no bigot on this—frequently inviting his few friends to dine with him at a good eating-house—begging them to choose their dishes—doing the same himself, without a word on the subject of his opinion. He was sober, seldom gay or trifling, and of a very generous disposition.

“His creed was short, pithy, and clear: no God, no governors, none higher than another—ergo, no palaces, no towns, no commerce, no arts, no sciences: to thin all populations, and the survivors to live as they could according to their art and cunning—according to the doctrine of Spinoza.

“We accompanied him out of Paris at the head of his regiment, on his departure for the Vendee. He was melancholy as he marched along—saying; ‘I should march cheerfully if I were going against the infamous

House of Austria—but I am going against Frenchmen, whose countrymen have given the signal against European despotism. And I am going to battle in some wood—to be shot at from behind a tree, and to die like a dog.' . . . Which, alas! was realized on the 14th of September, 1793.

"Poor man! his intellects were greatly out of harmony. He is the author of a little work, intitled, 'The Cry of Nature in favour of Animals,' published by Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard."

The style in which this production is written, is well calculated to depict the uninterrupted succession of horrible events, which marked the progress of the French Revolution. Mr. Thomson, it seems, was once a violent revolutionist. But his sentiments are changed, and he justifies the change in the following manner.

"I am considered," he says, "by some of my old acquaintance, as apostate from democratic principles; that is, because, instead of going down in apostacy to the cause of bondage, under a Corsican despot of 1815, I continue firm to my republican love of liberty of 1791. Theameleon changes colour, or, in different positions of the light, reflects green, blue, white or yellow—is the change in the animal, or in the gazer's eye? Does it follow that because I admire *white*, I must also admire *red*? that because I *then* admired freemen promising reform, I must *now* admire perjured slaves dashing in pieces every human right?"

Now, though we in general dislike what they call tergiversation, yet, in the present instance there is nothing to blame, but something to praise. Who is there among the earlier revolutionary advocates, who is not ashamed of his partiality to the disturbers of the world? If Mr. Thomson's political friends were good Christians (which democrats never are) they would rejoice at the improvement of his sentiments—aware that there ought to be great joy over a sinner that repenteth.—The following is his account of the fall of the infamous Robespierre.

"On the 8th Thermidor—25th July, 1794—Robespierre pronounces a discourse in the Jacobin Club, that warns them of a blow he is to strike in the Convention next day. Those who are to be the first victims, wait for him with impatience. Collot d'Herbois is one of them, and he is president; with a list before him of the conspirators, who only are to speak. St. Just, Couthon, Lebas, and others, arrive. The curtain rises, and Robespierre enters with the bloody roll of proscription in his hand. The writer of this was present. St. Just prepares the attack, but he is soon silenced—Couthon's voice is drowned—Lebas is thrown down from the tribune. 'I demand to be heard,' cries Robespierre. 'In your turn,' answers the president—Billaud Varennes, against him, speaks—Tallien eyes him with his blood-stained countenance, and exclaims, 'They are tearing away the mask, I perceive,' and flourishes a dagger

before him. 'I demand to be heard,' cries Robespierre—'You have spoken enough,'—they cry on every side—'Down with the tyrant! Down with the triumvirate!'—Robespierre was foaming at the mouth with rage to be heard—'The blood of Danton chokes you,' they said to him—'I demand leave to speak, or death'—'You deserve it a thousand times,' they cried."

"On the 16th Thermidor—28th July—the two Robespierres, Couthon, St. Just, Henriot, the general of Paris, Fleuriot, the mayor, Dumas, president of the Tribunal, Simon, the jailor of the Dauphin, Payan, the national agent, with 13 more, were guillotined on the spot where the monarch fell, amidst the loud shouts of 'The Republic for ever!' and, which would have been pain of death before, 'The Nation for ever!'—The execution of Robespierre and his accomplices was, literally, a public festival. From the disasters of the Commune, they made a most pitiful figure in the carts. Many of their colleagues were in the crowd to insult them as they passed. Robespierre was the last executed. He made an effort to stand erect, while the executioner was tying him to the plank. The operation of tearing the rags from his head was painful, and rendered his head, when exposed, the most frightful they had ever seen."

Miscellanea.

THE REVIEWERS.

REVIEWERS are self-constituted arbiters. A mysterious and intangible authority veils their proceedings. Whatever be the nature and extent of their individual responsibility, their incorporation in the various and opposite classes they have formed, and the anonymous character of their compositions, shield them alike from equal attack, and from just retaliation. With such dangerous prerogatives, it was to be expected that they would not bear their faculties very meekly; and that numerous instances would occur of unmerited eulogy, and indiscriminate censure. The fact is too notorious to need any particular illustration. "Who that hath ears to hear," has not heard of works distinguished by their original information and beneficial tendencies, being laughed out of notice by the wit or the sneer of a critical satirist—while sufficient proof has been afforded,

through the misrepresentations or the ignorance of the satirist, that he had examined neither the work nor the subject? His knowledge of the author had been confined to the title-page, and the table of contents; a single sentiment found out by chance and incidentally brought forward, had enabled the *soi-disant critic* to guess at the creed or the party of the writer—some dashing common-places in the style of calumny and abuse, arise out of this fortunate discovery; the volume is consigned to oblivion or contempt; and this effusion of political antipathy, or religious intolerance, is entitled—*a Review!*

It has not unfrequently happened, that a philosophical hypothesis, or a theory in moral or physical science, admired and applauded in one place, has, from its mere locality, been condemned under another meridian! An university becomes the nucleus of a party; and in a review their transactions are recorded, their principles defended; and through it their periodical asperities are conveyed to all around them. A metaphysical dissertation by a disciple of the school of Reid, is answered in the southern metropolis before it can be read, and condemned before it be comprehended. If a work be announced by some well known character, whether it be poetical, political, philosophical, ecclesiastical or religious, nothing is so easy as to predict in what journals it will be censured, in what admired. It is natural indeed for Reviewers, as well as other men, to have their own opinions on questions of literature, politics, and theology; but the ferocity of intolerant partisans, and the harsh, unsparing invectives of newspaper declamation, ought not to degrade and disgrace the repositories of criticism.

Why are not reviews reviewed? Can any reason be assigned why *they* should be exempted from regular investigation? There really is nothing in their nature or design to prove, that the writers of them are not fitter objects of animadversion than any class of authors whatever. Their number, their clanship, their severity, and above all their invisibility, imperiously require that they, in their turn, should be candidly noticed: and some of our readers will not be displeased to find, that it is our intention to undertake the periodical exposure of

critical injustice in the conduct of our own intermeddling capacious fraternity. In the arrangements we have made for this purpose, we have two objects in view—the reparation due to individuals who have been wantonly traduced; and (what we consider a still more important obligation) the counteracting of the effects of those prejudices and misconceptions, which have originated in the partial statements of modern criticism.

To this project the old adage may be applied, “Physician heal thyself,”—and we declare, that we shall most willingly include our own contributors, whenever there shall appear proofs of their delinquency. If it be further inquired, “Who gave us authority?” we will answer, that it is derived from the same source in which the authority of all Reviewers takes its rise, and as others do not doubt the legitimacy of theirs, we shall respect our own. We are liable we know, to a similar scrutiny; and we assure *all whom it may concern*, that, if the interests of truth be at any time promoted by subjecting our proceedings to inquiry, we will not only commend honorable motives, but rejoice in the success of well intended efforts.

Public Affairs.

WHEN we turn our eyes to the continent, we are astonished at the prodigious change which a few years have effected. We behold the despotic arbitress of the fate of nations suing—not for dignified alliance, but here for protection—there even for mercy—and from those very powers over whom she had often most capriciously tyrannised. Her folly had brought on disorders, her criminality had provoked punishment, through which she is at length so miserably exhausted and enfeebled, that if the leading governments of Europe employ but a moderate share of prudence, they will have nothing to fear from her power for a whole age.

It was the military success and fame of France that placed her, for many years, so far above her neighbours. And has this her proudest distinction also been destroyed? What less could be expected? The blood of millions “cried unto heaven;” Europe was incensed; and the tide of success, which had flowed so long, at length ebbed—leaving the general foe in the presence of hostile armies—naked and defenceless—without means and without hope. Yet, none commiserated the condition of the French, all being of opinion, that no people had ever so grossly abused the favors of fortune.

It so happened, that even those who studied war as a profession, had no ground left for regretting that the French were no longer to give them lessons. The schemes of domination formed by that ambitious people had already obliged them to develop all their military science: and the principle of self-defence had led those whom they had injured, at first to borrow their maxims, and finally to improve upon them so as to employ them for their utter discomfiture and disgrace. We ourselves have been in the arena long enough to learn much more of the art of war, than a people uniformly fortunate can possi-

bly know. And, were it not for that presumption which original low breeding and a defective education generate, there is not a fellow in the French army who could hold up his head in the presence of any foreign officer of distinction.

The subversion of the almost unlimited power of France was, however, preceded by the loss of her acknowledged superiority in the regions of fashion. There her influence was unequalled; and it was universally admired and cheerfully supported, because, unaccompanied with guilt, it always contributed somewhat to human enjoyment. It was the ferocious spirit of the republic, that robbed France of her polished manners and refined conversation—which at once barbarised the persons and brutalized the minds of her inhabitants. The empire of fashion France may, from her central position, one day recover: but it will not be absolute; for scarcely can anything be conceived as essential to elegance or ornament, that is not sufficiently known and generally adopted in other countries.

Their revolutionary policy, and their military enterprise are gone. Let them go—the one was most unprincipled, the other most flagitious. Let even their skill in engaging manners prevail or decay as caprice may direct; the world can do without it. But this indifference does not extend to everything French. We sincerely wish to see the men of letters, the artists, and the philosophers of France, once more moving uninterruptedly in their proper spheres—mingling a pleasing morality with romance, with politics, with philosophy; and enlarging the bounds of chemical and mathematical science. The awful vicissitudes which they have witnessed, cannot have unfitted them for atoning, in some degree, for the guilt of their country. The desolate appearance of the Louvre, must not dishearten them. It is not likely, indeed, that it will, so kind has nature been in putting into their power the oblivion both of monstrous crimes, and of their degrading penalties.

By way of easing his country of its host of liberators, Louis has thought proper to form a new administration, and to come to terms of accommodation with the allies. This administration, it is well known, is not attached to the principles either of the jacobins or of the late tyrant. It possesses the prominent features of a genuine

Bourbon ministry; and with these features many people in this country are so well acquainted, that they will probably think it easy to predict the future policy of France. Calling to mind the system of the court of Versailles for ages—that system which never was known to admit of any relaxation in the spirit of general aggrandisement, or any abatement of jealousy towards this island—they will fancy that they discern the seeds of bitter, though somewhat distant enmities. May we not, however, reasonably enough reckon upon the effects of a higher wisdom, and of a juster policy, in that court? Putting gratitude out of the question, may we not hope that France, if not induced to abstain from hostile acts by a sense of the value of our friendship, will at least be restrained by a conviction of the danger of provoking farther hostilities? “The French people,” says the Duke of Wellington in his well-timed, sensible, simple letter to Lord Castlereagh, “are already convinced that Europe is too strong for them, and have been made to feel that, however extensive for a time their temporary and partial advantages over one or more of the powers of Europe may be, the day of retribution must at length come.” Happen what will, it is well for mankind at the present hour, that the jacobins have been thwarted, and the grand oppressor crushed. With the exhaustion of the recent contest, and the precautions which the allies have taken, twenty years will elapse before any Bourbon government can be in a condition to engage in an extended warfare. But as the spirit of the jacobins is only suppressed, not subdued, less than one-fourth that time—reckoning from the removal of the present restraints—will be quite sufficient to enable them to rear their heads and wrap the continent in a flame. What is it to them, whether, or not, their country be again conquered, and its capital a third time taken? They have beheld no series of punishments calculated to deter hardened offenders—only one of a thousand notorious culprits having yet suffered. Exile to such men is not a terrible punishment. They are citizens of the world—*ubi sint ibi patria*; and whether in their own country, or in any other, they will retain

———“th’ unconquerable will,
The study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield.”

The remedy is obvious—*continue the restraints* on France. If they are to be removed when a certain sum of money is paid to the allies, that money will soon be produced. The jacobins will be found wonderfully prompt in their contributions; and the royalists, with whom the Buonapartists will presently and artfully coalesce, will be ashamed of being outdone, and hasten to find their quota. Hate of the government, and love of it, will have similar effects; and in process of time the allies will feel acutely the folly of that culpable weakness, which some people have chosen to call *magnanimity*.—Louis the 18th's reign will never be undisturbed: his throne will be secure only so long as the allies shall remain to guard it. Were they now to consider the affairs of France so well composed as to admit of their recalling the whole of their forces, in one year we should witness the fatal catastrophe of the King—in spite of all that his newly modelled army could possibly achieve.

One would imagine, that mankind must have been so completely sickened of revolutionary movements, that the British public would be appalled at the very idea of another conflict between the governors and governed of any civilized country. And yet the tidings that lately reached us on the subject of the opposition made to the Spanish government by Porlier, excited no disquietude throughout the country. To what is this quiescence of mind ascribable? Not to indifference about Spain—for there is no country to which we still turn our attention with more alacrity; none for which we have breathed more good wishes; none on which we have lavished more of our means.—We have purchased it with the blood, and nourished it with the bread, of our children. After all, we can, it seems, look on with composure, and see it in danger of being torn to pieces by intestine violence. No ordinary cause can account for so extraordinary an effect. Yet the cause is readily comprehended by all who have marked the occurrences of the last twelve months at Madrid.—When the people of France rebel, we join our neighbours in trying to reclaim them, for we have an immediate interest in doing so. But now that Napoleon's empire has come to a close, a conflict in Spain might not be

thought likely to affect us, and therefore it is highly probable, that, were such to take place, the Prince Regent's ministers would take no part in it. They could not oppose the Spanish people; and to support them, would be to menace the stability of the power of a prince whom we had, but the other day, striven, with the eyes of the whole world upon us, to replace on his throne. We trust that the vast numbers of jacobins who have lately flown across the Pyrennees to offer their assistance, will not succeed in causing their principles to predominate.

Omitting, for a while, the consideration of both France and Spain—the one odious for its infidelity and anomalous freedom, the other despicable for its fanaticism and proneness to slavery, we beg leave to glance, in our usual way, at some of our own dominions. Of these, the most extensive, the most populous, and most important, as well in a political and military, as in a commercial point of view, is India—respecting which, we shall enter into no particulars now, meaning to deliver our sentiments at length, in a series of papers in subsequent numbers. To them we refer without hesitation, believing that they will be found to be no indifferent exposition of the institutions, of the administration civil and judicial, and of the general interests, of our vast oriental empire—an empire, the resources of which bear a greater proportion to those of Great Britain, than the resources of Brazil do to those of Portugal.

Ireland, it seems, again engrosses the cares of both its own government and ours, by the lawless conduct of considerable bodies of its inhabitants. The diversity of human character in that island is extreme—one set of men excelling alike in the arts that humanise and the sciences that ennoble, while another, and unhappily the more numerous one, really is no better than a race of robbers and cut-throats. None of the ages denominated dark and barbarous, ever exhibited more lamentable proofs of gross ignorance, and contempt of the laws of both God and man, than does the present age in the instance of the Irish malcontents. Would to heaven that the learned leaders of them, at least, were with their Father the Pope, or with general Buonaparte, or any where but where they are. The union was intended—

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One would imagine, that mankind must have been so completely sickened of revolutionary movements, that the British public would be appalled at the very idea of another conflict between the governors and governed of any civilized country. And yet the tidings that lately reached us on the subject of the opposition made to the Spanish government by Porlier, excited no disquietude throughout the country. To what is this quiescence of mind ascribable? Not to indifference about Spain—for there is no country to which we still turn our attention with more alacrity; none for which we have breathed more good wishes; none on which we have lavished more of our means.—We have purchased it with the blood, and nourished it with the bread, of our children. After all, we can, it seems, look on with composure, and see it in danger of being torn to pieces by intestine violence. No ordinary cause can account for so extraordinary an effect. Yet the cause is readily comprehended by all who have marked the occurrences of the last twelve months at Madrid.—When the people of France rebel, we join our neighbours in trying to reclaim them, for we have an immediate interest in doing so. But now that Napoleon's empire has come to a close, a conflict in Spain might not be

thought likely to affect us, and therefore it is highly probable, that, were such to take place, the Prince Regent's ministers would take no part in it. They could not oppose the Spanish people; and to support them, would be to menace the stability of the power of a prince whom we had, but the other day, striven, with the eyes of the whole world upon us, to replace on his throne. We trust that the vast numbers of jacobins who have lately flown across the Pyrennees to offer their assistance, will not succeed in causing their principles to predominate.

Omitting, for a while, the consideration of both France and Spain—the one odious for its infidelity and anomalous freedom, the other despicable for its fanaticism and proneness to slavery, we beg leave to glance, in our usual way, at some of our own dominions. Of these, the most extensive, the most populous, and most important, as well in a political and military, as in a commercial point of view, is India—respecting which, we shall enter into no particulars now, meaning to deliver our sentiments at length, in a series of papers in subsequent numbers. To them we refer without hesitation, believing that they will be found to be no indifferent exposition of the institutions, of the administration civil and judicial, and of the general interests, of our vast oriental empire—an empire, the resources of which bear a greater proportion to those of Great Britain, than the resources of Brazil do to those of Portugal.

Ireland, it seems, again engrosses the cares of both its own government and ours, by the lawless conduct of considerable bodies of its inhabitants. The diversity of human character in that island is extreme—one set of men excelling alike in the arts that humanise and the sciences that ennoble, while another, and unhappily the more numerous one, really is no better than a race of robbers and cut-throats. None of the ages denominated dark and barbarous, ever exhibited more lamentable proofs of gross ignorance, and contempt of the laws of both God and man, than does the present age in the instance of the Irish malcontents. Would to heaven that the learned leaders of them, at least, were with their Father the Pope, or with general Buonaparte, or any where but where they are. The union was intended—

and was well calculated, to impart sounder principles and better manners to the mass of the Irish; but, while designing, mercenary demagogues are consulted—while there exists a religion which flourishes most in the midst of ignorance, and which permits one half the crimes which a man can commit, and grants him absolution for all the rest, no considerable improvement of any kind is to be expected. Rigorous discipline may do some good among the dissatisfied of the sister island, just as it does among soldiers and sailors. For five years, it seems, the allied armies are to prompt the French banditti to something like moderation and common honesty: for seven years, at least, the demeanour of the seditious Irish ought to be regulated solely by the wise provisions of the Mutiny Act; and during that period the Neys, and the Fouchés, and the Carnots of Ireland, ought to have full justice done them.

What can be the meaning of those rumours so frequently circulated at Vienna (some of them semi-officially) of the Turks forcing certain points on the Danube, and of the great apprehensions of danger to his states felt by the emperor? The Servians alone are nearly a match for the Turks, who desire nothing of their neighbours but *peace*: and if so, what can the Austrians have to fear, especially since they must be assured that, in any contest with the Porte, they shall be supported not only by the Servians, but by the Russians. Still both the imperial courts affect alarm, and powerful bodies of their troops are pressing on to the southward. Of the views of those courts, it will be impossible to form a rational and satisfactory conjecture, till the terms of the new treaty with France be made public. It is obvious, however, that a storm is brooding, and that some of the Ottoman provinces are destined to pass into new hands. The recent aggrandisement of Prussia will enable that power to view, without concern, the spoliation of Turkey by its rivals.

MONTHLY REGISTER
OF
ARTS, SCIENCES, AND LITERATURE.

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M. DE SAUSSURE communicated, in 1812, a curious and important paper to the Geneva Society, on the *Absorption of the Gases by different Bodies*. This paper was published in "Gilbert's Annalen des Physick," in July, 1814; from which it has been translated by Dr. Thomson, and a part of it published in the 34th number of his "*Annals of Philosophy*." As these "*Observations*" possess much importance, in a chemical point of view, and our best information on the subject is still very deficient, we

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SECTION I.

Absorption of pure Gases.

The experiments which gave the following results, were made between the temperatures of 52° and 56° ; and under a barometrical pressure of $28\frac{1}{2}$ inches of mercury; and the numbers, which refer to the volume of charcoal, considered as unity, were almost always means of several experiments.

Charcoal of box-wood, after a contact of 24 or 26 hours, absorbs of

	Volumes.
Ammoniacal gas	90
Muriatic acid	85
Sulphurous acid	65
Sulphureted hydrogen.....	55
Nitrous oxide	40
Carbonic acid	35
Olefiant gas.....	35
Carbonic oxide	9.42
Oxygen	9.25
Azote	7.5
Oxy-carbureted hydrogen	5
Hydrogen	1.75

The charcoal from which the above results were obtained was dry; but when it is moistened with water, the absorption of all those gases which have not a strong affinity for water is diminished; and the time of saturation is also greatly increased. Heat is disengaged by the condensation of gases by means of charcoal; and barometrical pressure has likewise great influence on this condensation. When the charcoal was freed from its atmospheric air by means of the air pump, the absorption was

nearly as great as when heat was employed for that purpose.

The property of condensing gases is common to other porous bodies besides charcoal; though not in so high a degree. M. de Saussure also made experiments with the Spanish stone denominated Meerschau, which afforded the following results, at the temperature of 59° , and under a pressure of 28.74 inches: viz. the absorption was, of

	Volumes.
Ammoniacal gas	15
Sulphureted hydrogen.....	11.7
Carbonic acid gas	5.26
Nitrous oxide	3.75
Olefiant gas.....	3.7
Azotic gas	1.6
Oxygen gas.....	1.49
Carbonic oxide	1.17
Oxy-carbureted hydrogen	0.85
Hydrogen	0.44

The same author also made experiments with the following substances. A volume of adhesive slate of Menilmontant, when deprived of its air by means of the air-pump, absorbed, at the same temperature,

	Volumes.
Ammoniacal gas	11.3
Carbonic acid	2
Olefiant	1.5
Azotic	0.7
Oxygen	0.7
Carbonic oxide	0.55
Oxy-carbureted hydrogen	0.55
Hydrogen	0.48

2. Ligniform Asbestos from the Tryol and Rock Cork, when deprived of their air by means of the pump, absorbed the following proportions of gas, when at the temperature of 59° : viz.

	Ligniform Asbestos. Volumes.	Rock Cork. Volumes.
Ammoniacal gas	12.75	2.3
Carbonic acid	1.7	0.82
Olefiant	1.7	0.82
Carbonic oxide	0.58	0.78
Azotic	0.47	0.68
Oxygen	0.47	0.68
Oxy-carb. hyd.	0.41	0.68
Hydrogen	0.31	0.68

Saxon Hydrophane and Quartz from Vauvert, absorbed the following proportions: viz.

	Hydrophane. Volumes.	Quartz. Volumes.
Ammoniacal gas	64	10
Muriatic acid	17	
Sulphurous acid	7.37	
Carbonic acid	1	0.6
Olefiant	0.8	0.6
Azotic	0.6	0.45
Oxygen	0.6	0.45
Hydrogen	0.4	0.37

Sulphate of lime, the specific gravity of which was 0.96, imbibed the following quantities of gas.

	Volumes.
Oxygen gas0.58
Azotic0.53
Hydrogen0.50
Carbonic acid0.43

The proportions imbibed by swimming carbonate of lime, or Agaric mineral, were also the following: viz.

	Volumes.
Carbonic acid gas0.87
Azotic0.80
Hydrogen0.80
Oxygen0.67

Experiments were also made with different kinds of wood, and the proportions absorbed were as follow:

	Hazel.	Mulberry.
Ammoniacal gas	100	88
Carbonic acid	1.1	0.46
Olefiant	0.71	
Oxy-carb. hyd.	0.58	
Hydrogen	0.58	0.46
Carbonic oxide	0.58	
Oxygen	0.47	0.34
Azotic	0.21	0.18

With fir-wood and linen-thread the absorptions were, of

	Fir.	Linen- thread
Ammoniacal gas		68
Carbonic acid	1.1	0.62
Olefiant		0.48
Oxy-carb. hyd.		0.35
Hydrogen	0.46	0.35
Carbonic oxide		0.35
Oxygen	0.34	0.35
Azotic	0.18	0.33

The absorption of gases by raw silk and wool was as follows: viz.

	Wool.	Silk.
	Volumes.	Volumes.
Ammoniacal gas		78
Carbonic acid	1.7	1.1
Olefiant	0.57	0.5
Oxygen	0.43	0.44
Carbonic oxide	0.3	0.3
Hydrogen	0.3	0.3
Azotic	0.24	0.125

JOHN MURRAY, M. D. F. R. S. Ed. has published a very ingenious and interesting paper, in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, *on the Diffusion of Heat at the Surface of the Earth*. In this paper the learned author's principal aim is to ascertain the manner in which heat is communicated to our planet, and the circumstances under which it can escape from it,

and be diffused over the regions of unlimited space. This inquiry furnishes him with the following conclusions, which may be regarded as a brief summary of the whole.—*First*, ‘That there is a tendency to equalization of temperature over the whole surface of the earth.’ *Secondly*, ‘That this continues to operate in such a manner, that in the progress of time the difference at different parts must become less than what existed at a preceding period; and that ultimately, a temperature nearly uniform shall be established over the whole.’ *Thirdly*, ‘The temperature of the globe must, from the mode in which heat is communicated to it, rise, and at the same time, as it advances, must become more equal over the whole surface. And this rise has its limits; there cannot be either unlimited increase of heat, or indefinite refrigeration; but the final result will be a state of permanence and uniformity, the continuance of which is secured by the very circumstance, that, if it is deviated from, the deviation must check itself.’

Dr. Murray has also analysed the mineral waters of Dunblane and Pitcaithly, an account of which was read to the same society, in November, 1814. The waters of Dunblane have been lately discovered, and consist of two springs of the saline class, called the North and South springs. The specific gravity of the water of the North spring is 1·00475; and it does not suffer any change in its sensible qualities from exposure to the atmospheric air. A careful analysis

of one English pint of this water afforded the following ingredients, as the result: viz.

	Grains.
Muriate of Soda	24
Muriate of lime	18
Sulphate of lime.....	3·5
Carbonate of lime	0·5
Oxide of iron	0·17
	<hr/> 46·17

The same quantity of water taken from the South spring, the specific gravity of which was 1·00419, yielded the following results: viz.

	Grains.
Muriate of soda	22·5
Muriate of lime	16
Sulphate of lime	2·3
Carbonate of lime	0·3
Oxide of iron	0·15
	<hr/> 41·25

The proportions of the saline ingredients in an English pint of the Pitcaithly water, are, according to the Doctor’s analysis,

	Grains.
Muriate of soda	13·4
Muriate of lime	19·5
Sulphate of lime	0·9
Carbonate of lime	0·5
	<hr/> 34·3

To which the following aerial ingredients are to be added: one cubic inch of carbonic acid gas, and half that quantity of atmospheric air.

ALEXANDER WALKER has published, in the last number of Dr. Thomson’s *Annals of Philosophy*, “*An Attempt to Systematize Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology.*” After pointing out the confusion and obscurity

in which these sciences are involved for want of system, he presents the following, as the general outlines of his plan.

"In viewing, then, the organs in a general manner, a class at once obtrudes itself, from its consisting of an *apparatus of levers*, from its performing motion from place to place, or *locomotion*, and from these motions being of the most *obvious kind*. A little more observation presents to us another class, which is distinguished from the preceding by its consisting of *cylindrical tubes*, by its transmitting and transmuting liquids, or performing *vascular action*, and by its motions being *barely apparent*. Further investigation discovers a third, which differs essentially from both these, in its consisting of *nervous particles*, in its transmitting impressions from external objects, or performing *nervous action*, and in that action being *altogether invisible*.

"Thus each of these classes is distinguished from another by the **STRUCTURE** of its parts, by the **PURPOSES** which it serves, and by the greater or less **OBVIOUSNESS** of its motions.

"The human body, then, consists of organs of three kinds. By the first kind, motion from place to place, or mechanical action, is effected; by the second, nutrition, or vital action, is maintained; and by the third, thought, or intellectual action, is permitted. **ANATOMY** I therefore divide into three parts; namely, that which considers the mechanical or locomotive organs, that which considers the vital organs, and that

which considers the intellectual organs.

"Under the mechanical or locomotive organs, I class, first, the bones, which support the rest of the animal structure; second, the ligaments, which unite them; and third, the muscles, which move them.

"Under the vital organs, I class, first, the external and internal absorbent surfaces, and the vessels which absorb from these surfaces, or the organs of absorption; second, the heart, lungs, and blood-vessels, which derive their contents (the blood) from the absorbed lymph, or the organs of circulation; and third, the glands and secreting surfaces, which separate various matters from the blood, or the organs of secretion.

"Under the intellectual organs, I class, first, the organs of sense, where impressions take place; second, the cerebrum, or organ of thought, where these excite ideas; and third, the cerebellum, where volition results from the last.

"In order to arrange animal **PHYSIOLOGY**, it is only necessary to substitute the term 'functions' for 'organs;' and that science will likewise involve, in application, the physiology of mineral and vegetable bodies, and be in its turn capable of instant adaptation to medical science.

"Thus the functions also are divided into mechanical, vital, and intellectual.

"The mechanical functions are subdivided into that of support, that of connexion, and that of locomotion.

"The vital functions are divided into that of absorption, that of circulation, and that of secretion.

"The intellectual functions are divided into that of sensation, that of mental operation, and that of volition."

"In order to arrange PATHOLOGY, for the term "healthy functions," the subject of physiology, it is only necessary to substitute the term "diseased functions."

"The classes of disease are, therefore, like those of anatomy and physiology, three; namely, diseases of the mechanical or locomotive functions, diseases of the vital functions, and diseases of intellectual functions.

"The orders of the first class, as affecting the functions of the bones, the ligaments, and the muscles, are three, viz. diseases of support, diseases of connexion, and diseases of locomotion.

"Those of the second class, as affecting the functions of the absorbent, the circulating, and the secreting vessels, are likewise three, viz. diseases of absorption, diseases of circulation, and diseases of secretion.

"Those of the third class, as affecting the functions of the organs of sense, of the brain, and of the nerves, are also three, viz. diseases of impression, diseases of judgment, and diseases of volition.

"The genera under each order consist of diminished, depraved, and increased, functions."

"Precisely in the same way would I class the articles of the MATERIA MEDICA; first, as ope-

rating upon the mechanical, vital, or intellectual, organs; and then as either increasing, rendering regular, or diminishing their action." See *Ann. of Phil.* No. 34.

STROMEYER states that starch is so delicate a test of iodine, when in an uncombined state, that one *four hundred and fifty thousandth part* of iodine, is sufficient to cause it to assume a perceptible blue color, when present in the liquid which is examined. The blue composed of iodine and starch was first made known by MM. Colin and Gaultier de Claubry.

DR. THOMSON has lately examined a substance resembling the color of a watch spring, and possessing little metallic lustre, which is sublimed during the operation of burning London bricks. It is found in a crystallized state in the form of long slender needles; but its texture is so delicate, that it can scarcely be collected without falling to powder. Dr. Thomson considers this substance to be gelaena, or sulphuret of lead; and ascribes its sublimation to that of sal-ammoniac, which is sublimed during the same process of brick burning.

COL. BEAUFOY has published, in the last No. of the *Ann. of Philos.* a description of a machine for measuring and registering the rise and fall of the tide, during the whole flow and ebb. But we must refer for the description of this instrument, and

the plate by which it is accompanied, to the above-mentioned scientific Journal. Respecting its application, this ingenious writer remarks,

"As this instrument marks the ascent and descent of the water every ten minutes, sufficient datum will be given for finding the nature of the curve described by the tide: and if a register of the strength of the wind, and the point of the compass it blew from, was also kept, it might determine whether the wind most affected the velocity or the altitude of the tide. If instruments of this description were used in different parts of the world, and tables of the flux and reflux of the tide preserved for a period of $18\frac{1}{2}$ years, the length of time in which most of the lunar irregularities of motion take place, little doubt can be entertained but that as accurate tide tables might be made for the rest of the world as have been calculated for Liverpool by Mr. Noldens, and for the Thames by Capt. Huddart."

Col. Beaufoy has also subjoined the results of some experiments on the resistance experienced by bodies moving through air and water, which differ considerably from those which have been given by former observers. The different shaped bodies which the Col. used with respect to air, were the plane, cylinder, cone, and wedge, the latter two moving both with their bases and vertexes first. Respecting the resistance of air, he observes,

"By looking at the experiments, it is evident that the bases of the cylinder, cone, and wedge,

are less resisted than the plane; and that the cone and wedge, when moving with their bases foremost, are less resisted than the cylinder; therefore a mere increase of length decreases the resistance to the plane, but not so much as by altering the shape of the hinder extremity. With respect to the resistance to the apex of the cone and wedge, it is evident that the resistance to the former figure is not widely different from the resistance to the plane reduced in the proportion of radices to the sine of the angle of incidence 45° : and, could experiments be made free from errors, the resistance would decrease precisely as the log. sine of half the cone's angle; but with the wedge it is otherwise, the resistance decreasing in a greater proportion.

"Experiment also proves that the most advantageous angle for the sail of a windmill to be set in motion in is 60° , instead of $35^\circ 16'$, reckoning from the plane of its motion, or the wind should strike the sail at an angle of 30° , and not $54^\circ 44'$; and the most advantageous angle for the rudder to make with the keel, when the impulse of the water is given, I believe to be 30° . After the impulse is given, and the vessel turns, the angle should be altered, if the rudder coincides with the curve described by the stern, because then it is evident the rudder would be of no use."

From his experimented resistances of water to a plane, at the depth of 6 feet below the surface, a table of which he has given, Col. B. calculates the resistance

of the water to a second rate man of war, which draws 24 feet water, and sails with a velocity of 20 feet per second, to be 21979 lbs. or rather more than nine tons; and adds, "but in fact this additional resistance to the division of the fluid must be far greater, as a vessel when coppered is, comparatively speaking, a very uneven surface; and any contrivance for diminishing the friction would be very desirable."

After the table of the friction of water at the mean depth of 6 feet, Col. B. observes; "from these experiments, it is evident that the resistance a body meets with when moving in water consists of three parts—the head resistance, the minus pressure, and the friction."

The results of COL. BEAUFOY'S magnetical observations for August, 1815, are the following:

Morning	24° 16' 01"
Noon	24 24 07
Evening	24 18 22

Mean of the three	24 19 30
Mean for July	24 20 26

Difference 0 0 56

According to these observations, therefore, the declination of the needle has diminished 56" during the month of August.

The rain which fell at Hackney Wick, between noon on the 1st of August and noon on the

1st of September last, was 1·845 inches; and the evaporation during the same period 3·42 inches.

The following are the results of the Meteorological Journal kept by Mr. Luke Howard, at Tottenham, in Middlesex, from the 11th to the 26th of August, inclusive.

Barometer.

Greatest height	30·02 inch.
Least height	29·35

Thermometer.

Greatest height	79°
Least height	44
Rain (in 16 days)	1·74 inches.

The Thermometer was the highest on the 24th of the month and lowest on the 11th.

The results from the 27th of August to the 25th of September inclusive were as follow.

Winds light and variable.

Barometer.

Greatest height	30·11 inch.
Least	29·46
Mean of the period	29·892

Thermometer.

Greatest height	79°
Least	31
Mean of the period	57

Rain 0·57 inch.

The greatest height of the Thermometer took place on the 14th, and the least on the 6th of September.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

A Genealogical Account of the Royal House of Stuart, Kings of Scotland, North Britain, from the year 1043. By T. W. K. Waterhouse, Esq. The whole faithfully compiled from ancient charters, and other official documents and authentic Authors. Will speedily be published, in 8vo.

The Representative History of Great Britain, comprising a history of the House of Commons; and a history of the counties, cities, and boroughs of the United Kingdom. By T. H. B. Oldfield, Esq. In 6 Vol. 8vo, dedicated to the Hampden Society.

A Course of Lectures on Dramatic Literature; translated from the German of A. W. Schlegel. By John Black, Esq. In 2 Vol. 8vo.

Mr. W. H. Pyne is preparing for the press, Annals of the Royal Residences of Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, Kew, Kensington, Buckingham-house, St. James, Frogmore, and Carlton-house, to be embellished with 100 coloured engravings.

Dr. Tho. Fuller will soon publish, an Introduction to Prudence, or directions, counsels, and cautions, tending to the prudent management of affairs in common life.

Mr. Charles Sylvester, of Derby, has in the press, an Account of some Improvements in Domestic Economy, adopted at the Derbyshire General Infirmary, in

a quarto volume, illustrated by ten plates.

The Rev. T. Pruett, of Aldbourn, Wilts, has in the press, an Illustration of the Liturgy and Service of the United Church of England and Ireland; with an introductory sketch of the history of the British church.

A series of fifteen years' correspondence of the late David Hume, esq. has lately been discovered, and is preparing for publication. The letters are addressed to the countess of Boufflers and the marchioness de Barbantine, two of the most distinguished ladies in France, between the years 1760 and 1776.

The Beauties of Dr. Young's Night Thoughts, arranged under various heads, and printed in a beautiful type, will soon appear.

An edition of the Sermons of Martin Luther with a full-length portrait of that great man, from the large German print, is expected in the course of the month.

A new edition of the works of the Rev. Richard Cecil, with a memoir of his life by the Rev. Josiah Pratt, is in the press.

Rudiments of the Hebrew Language, with exercises exemplifying the rules; and a Key to the book of Psalms: containing the true pronounciation, different significations, and grammatical analysis of every word. By Joseph Samuel C. F. Frey, author of a Hebrew grammar, of a Hebrew-English-Latin Dictionary,

766 *Works preparing for Publication.*

and editor of Vander Hooght's Hebrew Bible.

The leading Heads of twenty-seven Sermons, preached by Dr. Philip Doddridge, at Northampton, in the year 1749, and never before printed. Will speedily be published, in 8vo, price 5s. in boards.

Cursory Remarks on the physical and moral History of the Human Species, and its connection with surrounding agency. By L. S. Boyne. 8vo.

Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, published by the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London, Vol. VI. 8vo.

Speeches of the late Right Hon. Edmund Burke, 8vo.

Sketches of Character, or Specimens of Real Life, 3d edition, in 3 Vols. 12mo.

A Treatise on some practical points relating to diseases of the Eye. By the late John Cunningham Saunders. Illustrated with eight engravings, and a portrait of the author, 2d edition, 8vo.

Monastic and Baronial Remains, by J. G. Parkyns, Esq. in 2 Vols. royal 8vo. Illustrated by upwards of 100 engravings.

The entire Works of Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, the elder. Containing much new and curious matter, with notes, critical and explanatory, &c. &c. By G. F. Nott, D.D. F.S.A. late Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford.

Mr. J. B. Sharpe, Member of the College of Surgeons, is reprinting the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on Mad-houses; and for the great convenience of the reader

has arranged each subject of evidence under its distinct head.

Mr. Alex. Nicoll, of Balliol college, Oxford, will soon publish a Critical Dictionary of the Greek Language, translated from the German of Schneider into English, with additions and improvements.

Mr. W. P. Scargill is preparing for publication, an Etymological Dictionary of such English words as are derived from the Greek and Latin languages.

Essays on Practical Education. By Maria and R. L. Edgeworth. In 2 Vol. 8vo.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of M. L. Ramsey, of Charleston, printed from the American edition, edited by Dr. D. Ramsey, will soon appear.

Mr. T. J. Armiger, of the royal college of Surgeons, has in the press, Rudiments of the Anatomy and Physiology of the Human Body, designed for the use of young students.

Mr. Carpué's work on the Nasal Operation, with plates, will soon appear.

Mr. Rippon Porter will soon publish, in two duodecimo volumes, Love, Rashness, and Revenge, or tales of three passions.

The ninth volume of Dr. Shaw's General Zoology, being a continuation of the Birds, will appear in the course of a month.

The Rev. Brooke Bridges Stevens will soon publish, a Sermon preached at Great Coggeshall, Essex, in the behalf of the National Schools.

Mr. Bernard Mitchell, of Dublin, has nearly ready for publication, the Universal Penman, or

the beauties and utility of Writing truly exemplified.

Mr. James Harnett will soon publish, Waterloo, a poem, in which the principal incidents of that glorious battle are described.

A volume of Practical Sermons, by the late Dr. Scott, rector of Simonbourn, will soon appear.

Mrs. Taylor, of Ongar, will soon publish, the Present of a Mistress to a young Servant, consisting of friendly advice and real histories.

A Key to the Almanack, explaining the fasts, festivals, saints' days, and other holidays in the calendar: with the astronomical and chronological terms, &c. &c. arranged alphabetically, for easy reference. By J. Bannantine. Will be published on the 2d of November, price 2s. 6d.

A 3d edition corrected and enlarged, with new preface, &c. of a Month in Town, will be ready for publication in the course of this week.

A new satirical Novel from the pen of Mr. Hedgehog, the

author of a Month in Town, Rejected Odes, General Post Bag, &c. &c. will be published in a few days, entitled, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifteen, in 3 Vols 12mo.

The Antiquary, a novel, by the author of Waverly and Guy Mannering, in 3 Vols. 12mo.

Select pieces of early popular Poetry, Edited by E. V. Uttersson, Esq.

The Rev. Joseph Fletcher, A.M. of Blackburn, intends to publish, by subscription, price 7s. in crown 8vo, Lectures on the principles and institutions of the Roman Catholic Religion.

Mr. Elton is preparing an elegant and much improved edition of his translation of the Works of Hesiod.

Mr. Roby will shortly publish a poem, entitled, Sir Bertram.

Mr. Isaac Wilson of Hull, is about to publish his Catalogue of Books, comprising upwards of 12000 Volumes, and including many rare and valuable articles in Ancient and Modern Literature.

III.

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Tenth and Last Volume of General Biography; or, Lives, Critical and Historical, of the most Eminent Persons of all Ages, Countries, Conditions, and Professions, arranged according to Alphabetical Order. By John Aikin, M.D. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d. boards.

A Biographical Memoir of the late Sir Peter Parker, Bart. Captain of his Majesty's Ship *Mene-la-us*, of 38 Guns, killed in Action while storming the American Camp at Bellair, near Baltimore, on the 31st of August, 1814. 4to. 12s. boards. A few Copies, with a Proof Impression of the Portrait, Price 15s.

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The English Learner ; being a Selection of Lessons in Prose and Verse, adapted to the Capacity of the Younger Classes of Readers. By Thomas Ewing, Author of Principles of Elocution, and Teacher of English, Geography, and History, in Edinburgh. Price 2s. bound.

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The New Annual Register ; or, General Repository of History, Politics, and Literature, for the Year 1814. To which is prefixed the History of Knowledge, Learning, Taste, and Science in Great Britain, during the Reign of George III. 1814. 1l. boards—1l. 1s. h. bound.

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